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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 718.—VOL. XXVIII.

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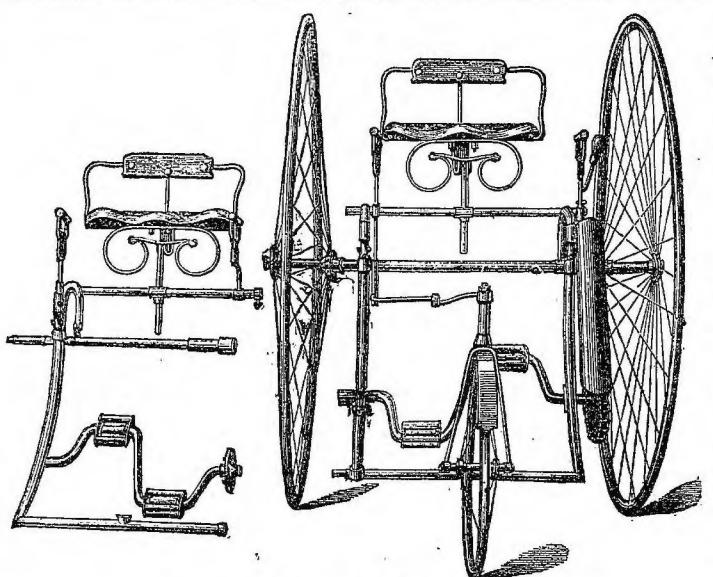
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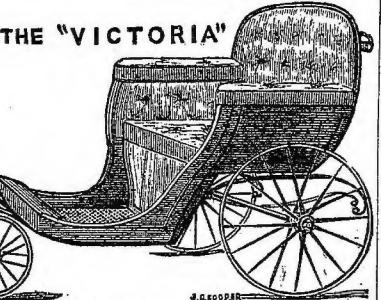
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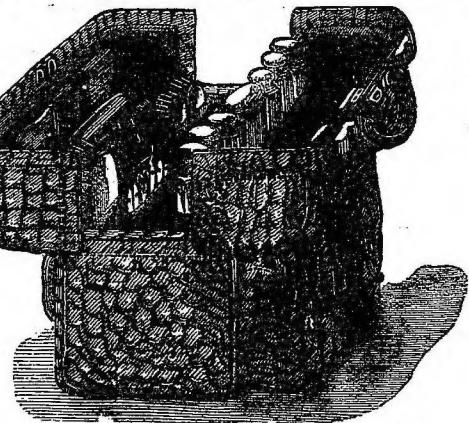
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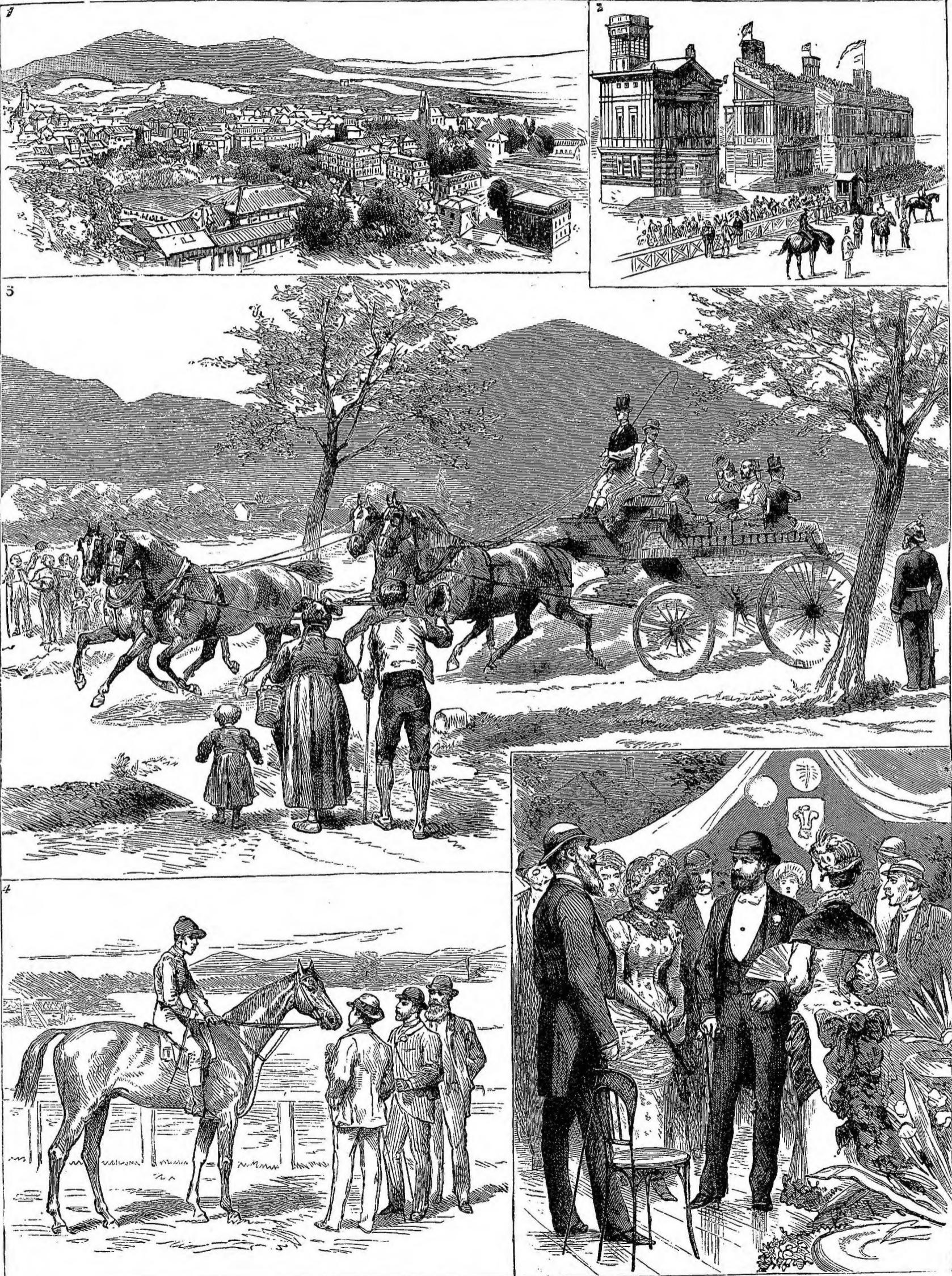
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 718.—VOL. XXVIII.
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883

WITH EXTRA
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1. General View of Baden-Baden.—2. The Grand Stand and Racecourse.—3. The Prince of Wales Returning from the Races in the Duke of Hamilton's Break.—4. The Prince of Wales's Horse "Scott," to be Ridden by Mr. Arthur Coventry in the Steeplechase on Thursday, August 30.—5. The Prince of Wales in the Gardens of the International Club.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BADEN-BADEN—JUBILEE OF THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB



THE SESSION.—Is there not something unreal in the Conservative criticism which represents the Session of 1883 as a child of much promise, who went to an ignoble grave without doing one thing to perpetuate its memory? True, we had no heroic legislation, and even the sensations were of a mild sort. But there was useful and profitable work done, for all that, and if no measure can be truthfully described as starting England on a new departure towards the unknown, perhaps she will get on pretty comfortably without the experiment. There really seem to be some politicians to whom it is a matter for surprise and mortification when the Juggernaut car of legislation is replaced by a smaller and lighter vehicle. They miss, we suppose, the cries of the crushed victims, the shrill notes of the priestly trumpets, the thunder of the sacerdotal drums, and the strident clamours of the populace. The Bankruptcy Bill, for instance, is a most important piece of legislation, and even if there was nothing else to show for the labours of the Session, that alone would entitle it to kindly remembrance. But even the most mercurial of Liberals could not dance in honour of so matter-of-fact a measure, especially when Mr. Chamberlain, its adroit pilot, thanked foes as well as friends for getting it safe into port. The experiment of devolution certainly succeeded admirably in that instance; the Bill would not have passed during this Session had it been considered only by a Committee of the whole House. That, therefore, is one gain, and a great one; we have discovered, after long search, a method by which Parliamentary time can unquestionably be saved in some cases. The next step should be to devise means for checking, if not altogether suppressing, the growing practice of addressing frivolous questions to Ministers on Government nights. In some instances, certain Under-Secretaries contributed to this terrible waste of time by answering questions in such an evasive way as to necessitate and justify their repetition on another night. As a rule, however, the catechist wants to know something which has only the most remote interest for the nation, such as whether the Government can give any corroboration of the news published in the *Mudborough Squasher*, that King Quashy Bungo had joined an offensive and defensive alliance with that important tribe the Katchemaneetemabos. We think that the answering of such queries as this might be done by devolution; say, by the august official who keeps order in the reporters' gallery.

LORD SALISBURY.—There has been some discussion this week as to the possible substitution of the Duke of Richmond for Lord Salisbury as Leader of the Conservatives in the House of Lords. And it would not be surprising if the suggestion commended itself to at least one class of Conservatives; for it cannot be pretended either by Lord Salisbury or his friends that his leadership has been successful lately. Lord Salisbury is undoubtedly one of the cleverest men who take a prominent part in English politics; we may even say that he is the only Conservative who ranks in ability with the foremost Liberals. His speeches have a pungent flavour which always makes them worth reading; and none of our statesmen can discuss more brilliantly questions which do not directly relate to the interests of this or that party. His great qualities, however, are such as belong to a free lance in political warfare rather than to a responsible chief. With nearly all the most distinctive movements of the present day he is almost hopelessly at variance; and he seems incapable of realising at what point resistance to any particular measure ceases to be either useful or dignified. Everything he dislikes he begins by opposing to the uttermost; and then he finds that, after all, it is necessary to give way, since his nominal supporters refuse to follow him. Again and again he has thus brought discredit, not only upon the Conservative party, but upon the House of Lords. The Upper House is certainly not in immediate danger, the English people being slow to effect fundamental changes; but Lord Salisbury has done more than any of his contemporaries to undermine popular respect for it, and to raise the question whether we might not do very well without it. To many Conservatives all this is plain enough; and there seems to be a growing conviction among them that there must be some important change in the guidance of their party. What they want is a statesman who would avoid equally the hesitancy of Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury's too dashing self-confidence.

HOSPITAL SATURDAY.—There is a doubt as to whether the institution of Hospital Sunday has been altogether a good thing for the establishments which it was designed to assist; but Hospital Saturday is quite a different thing. It appeals to a class of donors who are not always to be found in places of worship on Sundays. Working men who have been treated in hospitals ought to be, if they actually are not, among the regular contributors to the street boxes, and one may imagine what a handsome fund would be collected if every man who owes some gratitude to hospitals for skilful attendance and kind nursing in sickness were to subscribe according to his means. Hospital patients are not all drawn from the poorest classes. Taking them as a whole three-fourths of them probably belong to the category of artisans and

mechanics, who, when in health, draw good wages, and of late years there has been an increasing number of middle-class patients who go to hospitals because they know that they will be better nursed there than they could be at home; and because after all they prefer gratuitous attendance to long doctors' bills. But such persons ought to feel bound in honour to make some acknowledgment for favours received; and we hope the Hospital Saturday Fund may this year put to shame the somewhat meagre results of Hospital Sunday. It is to be feared that many people who formerly contributed guineas privately every year to hospitals now think they have done their duty when they have dropped a few shillings into the church plates; because an impression has got abroad that the organisation of charity on a large scale has made the hospitals richer. But this is a mistake. Donors in church should remember the story of the Devonshire Vicar to whom his village parishioners resolved to present a testimonial of affection. The good man would accept nothing but a cask of cider, and begged that each parishioner would simply contribute his jug-full. This seemed a mere trifle, as all the parishioners declared, but one of them going home reflected that times were bad, that a penny saved is a penny gained, and that if, in short, he furtively poured a jug of water into the Vicar's cask nobody would be any the wiser, nor would the reverend gentleman's cider be much the weaker. Unfortunately this happy thought had occurred to nine-tenths of the parishioners, and the Vicar's cider proved to be very weak indeed.

AFGHANISTAN.—Those who never come across a coincidence without suspecting that "there is something in it," must have had their wits much agitated by the recent news from Afghanistan. Not one, but several coincidences have happened there lately. It was odd, for instance, that the appearance of a "Russian merchant" at Cabul, and his subsequent interview with the Ameer, should have been swiftly followed by the offer of 120,000*l.* per annum to the latter by the Indian Government. The coincidence-monger sees in this many indications pointing to the conclusion that Russia and England bid against one another for the Ameer's friendship, and the richer country obtained the article. This view receives corroboration from another coincidence—namely, that the return of the Russian merchant to Cabul, after his interview with Abdur Rahman, was shortly afterwards followed by the revolt of the Ghilzais. The great tribe are, like all Afghans, as venal as treacherous, and if the wandering Russian gave them the money he had brought for the Ameer, they would be ready to do a bit of fighting with all the alacrity of Zulus. Moreover, the Ghilzais are adherents of the ex-Ameer, Yakoob Khan, and if it were whispered to them that his champion, Ayoub Khan, was about to descend upon Herat, with Persia and Russia at his back, that would be a great inducement to them to answer the call to arms given by that saintly old ruffian, Muskh-i-Alum. Indeed, if Ayoub Khan does appear at Herat in the next month or two, we shall be inclined to agree with those who view Afghan coincidences with alarm. Not that we expect Russia to show her hand in the business; there is no occasion why she should. Persia is practically her feudatory, and it would suffice, therefore, for the Czar to hint to the Shah that Ayoub Khan was a very nice young man, who would make an admirable ruler for the troublesome Heratis. There is one consolation, however, among all these cobwebby perplexities. When Abdur Rahman Khan entered Afghanistan, after Yakoob Khan's abdication, he was the *protégé* of the Czar. We soon showed him that he ought to love the British Codlin far better than the Russian Short, and, being a clever fellow, he recognised this necessity. It follows, therefore, that should Ayoub Khan win the throne of Cabul by the help of Russia, we need only deal with him as we dealt with the present occupant of that dignified but uncomfortable seat.

FRANCE AND THE COMTE DE PARIS.—It is hardly disputed by any class of Frenchmen that the death of the Comte de Chambord will effect a considerable change in the conditions of French politics. As long as the Comte de Chambord lived, a Monarchy in France was impossible; but the Comte de Paris asserts no pretensions which are incompatible with modern ideas. He does not claim to be King by Divine right; and, if summoned to the Throne, he would be prepared to introduce a system essentially like that of England. With all his good qualities, however, it seems very improbable that he will ever have an opportunity of displaying them in the position for which, whether with or against his will, he is now a Pretender. In the first place, a Monarchy could not be established without a violent social convulsion; and most Frenchmen are of opinion that their country has had more than enough of violent social convulsions since the outbreak of the first Revolution. Again, the Comte de Paris is not of the stuff of which conspirators are made; he loves retirement and study, and would disdain to accept a Crown at the cost of his self-respect. It must also be remembered that there are no brilliant associations with Constitutional Monarchy in France. The reign of Louis Philippe is one of the dreariest chapters in French history; and, if the majority of electors had to choose, they would probably prefer the Empire to a dull imitation of British institutions. These considerations, even were there no others pointing in the same direction, would be decisive; but they are reinforced by the fact that the Republic has been becoming more and more popular lately. Altogether,

French Republicans have no reason to be dissatisfied with their position; and they will improve it if the claims of the Comte de Paris lead them to act, both at home and abroad, with more prudence than they have hitherto cared to manifest.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.—One of the most unpopular officials of these times is the School Board Inspector, who goes from door to door making inquiries about the children who are of age to receive instruction. It is much to be desired, however, that all sensible people would support this much-enduring official in the discharge of duties, which are generally rendered most painful to him. The enforcement of attendance at school is a matter in which all classes have an interest; and it is a pity that some of the conductors of denominational schools do not recognise sufficiently this fact, but try to attract pupils by making their rules as to attendance most easy. It is a common thing enough to hear mothers of the working classes say that they like to send their children to schools where no fuss is made about "an odd half-hour here and there." The Board School teachers "make a fuss" about odd half-hours lost by pupils who come in late; but the denominational schools—or, at least, some of them—do not always seem to care much about whole days wasted. If a child fails to put in an appearance, a pupil is sent to his home to inquire what is the matter with him; but the mother has only to answer, "Not well," and there is an end of the business. This is not as it ought to be. Sectarian teachers are as much bound as those in the Board Schools to see that the children committed to them are trained in habits of punctuality; and they may be sure that they do the children a very poor service when they forget this rule. It is also quite a mistaken kindness towards parents to allow children to remain away from school on frivolous pretexts. Mothers often require educating in orderly ways as much as boys and girls; and, if their slovenliness be winked at, they will continue to be slovens, to the detriment of their children in other respects besides that of schooling. We say this because, in September, the School Board Inspectors recommence their laborious rounds, and it is not fair that every street should be made a *via dolorosa* for them.

TRANQUILLITY IN IRELAND.—It is satisfactory, so far, to contrast the tidings which now reach us from Ireland with those which came almost daily about a year ago. Then we heard only of murder and outrage; now we are disturbed by nothing more serious than the shrill outcries of vehement patriots. It would be very pleasant for the Government if it could be shown that this change is due wholly or chiefly to the Land Act; for that would be a brilliant demonstration of the doctrine that the only true remedy for discontent is not force but concession. Unfortunately for this genial theory, no one supposes that the Land Act has conciliated even the classes who have directly benefited by it. They are of opinion that the Act dealt with landlords too leniently; and in any case they decline to be grateful for a measure which, according to them, was wrung from England by violent agitation. The real and obvious explanation of the comparative tranquillity of Ireland is the Crimes Act, which has been administered with a thoroughness never surpassed by the most despotic of despotic Tories. This is an exceedingly disagreeable fact, no doubt; but, since it is a fact, Englishmen must, whether they will or not, try to realise its full significance. The worst is that there is nowhere the faintest sign of a more friendly feeling. During the late Session Mr. Healy was as bitter as ever; and he represents more faithfully even than Mr. Parnell the dominant sentiment of his countrymen. Moreover, it is admitted on all hands that a General Election would lead to a formidable increase of the extreme Irish section in Parliament. If the members of any English political party had a scheme which, even to themselves, seemed likely to establish good relations between the two countries, there would be something refreshing in their confidence; but Radicals, like Conservatives, falter before this tremendous problem; for such Home Rule as Radicals would grant the Irish malcontents would not accept as a complete settlement. What Mr. Parnell's followers really demand is separation from England; and no English politician has yet said that this is possible. Another generation may find a way out of the dilemma; but for the present generation even Schopenhauer's pessimism hardly appears to be extravagant, so far as Ireland is concerned.

SURELY PREVENTIBLE.—The *St. Germain* a French steamer, runs into the *Woodburn*, an English craft, at 3 A.M., on a fine clear morning, and sends her to the bottom in three minutes; the *Palermo*, a German steamboat, almost simultaneously sinks the *Rivoli*, another English vessel, with equal despatch; but in this case the "accident" happened during broad daylight. This coincidence will be likely to strengthen the opinion of our master mariners, that foreign ships are very lax in regard to keeping a good lookout. In the case of sailing ships on opposite tacks, there may be some excuse for collisions. When they are nearing one another, a sudden change of wind may alter their courses, and bring them into contact. But steamers ought to be able to keep clear of one another under all circumstances, and especially on the high seas, where there is always an abundance of room. Yet it is a fact, as painful as discreditable, that although steam power has almost replaced

sailing power on the ocean, collisions are much more frequent and more disastrous than formerly. Is it that skippers have got into the same evil habit as the more reckless class of hansom cabdrivers—that of "shaving" anything which comes in their way; or does the fault lie with want of vigilance? Clearly, these lamentable occurrences are not "accidents" in the right sense of the term, any more than it would be if two conveyances careering over Salisbury Plain were to come into contact. In some instances, a curious sort of pig-headed pride seems to be at the bottom of the mischief. Neither skipper will give way an inch until the last moment; and then a wrong order is given to the man at the wheel, or he loses his head, and the two vessels crash into each other with terrific force. There is a simple way by which, as we believe, these maritime catastrophes might be greatly diminished in number. Only let a few reckless skippers be punished by the cancellation, not the mere suspension, of their certificates, and it would soon come to be considered a part of good seamanship to give a wide berth to other ships.

THE SILLY SEASON.—He must have been a silly man who first applied the term "silly season" to the months when newspapers fill their columns with something better than Parliamentary reports. Can anybody seriously say that the daily papers are not much more interesting throughout the Recess than during the Session? It is not too much perhaps that Politics should have their lion's share of reporting five months out of the year; but it is only when Parliament rises that Science, Art, Literature, and social grievances get anything like fair attention from the Press. The legislative work of Parliament is, in fact, prepared in a large measure by the exhaustive and interesting discussions on all sorts of subjects which arise when Editors are no longer compelled to crowd their columns with speeches that are often but little read, except by the gentlemen who have delivered them. It is during the "silly season" that we hear how our laws work; and if foolish complaints or suggestions sometimes find their way into print, it must be confessed that on the whole fewer useless things are said in newspapers than in the House of Commons. Editors have a discretion not entrusted to Mr. Speaker. They can silence a bore, pronounce the *clôture* when a discussion has lasted long enough, and call unmannerly debaters to order with a sharpness which never fails in producing a beneficial effect upon other offenders. Old-statesmen complain that the tone of debating in Parliament has deteriorated, but the same charge cannot be laid against newspaper controversies, which are generally conducted now with a courtesy unknown to former generations. Let us be thankful, therefore, for our "silly season," and not pray for its curtailment. National progress would be retarded in many directions if Politics were allowed to encroach further upon the time when any man who has anything interesting or amusing to say may convey it through the Press to millions of readers.

HISTORY AND THE PAPACY.—Pope Leo has won golden opinions from the Italian Press by his recent manifesto regarding the necessity of an impartial study of history. It is not to history that his predecessors have appealed; and Pope Leo's frank acknowledgment that the Papacy must be judged not only by its pretensions, but by the part it has actually played in the progress of the world, is rightly regarded as a "new departure" of some importance. The priceless store of documents at the Vatican will not be thrown open to all students; but it is infinitely better that they should be investigated only by rigid Roman Catholics than that they should not be investigated at all. Few intelligent persons will dispute that the Papacy may have something to gain by the examination of its records. Nobody now studies its history with the determination to find that it has always been corrupt, and that it has contributed nothing to the welfare of mankind. For a long time the general tendency of historians has been to treat the Papacy with scrupulous fairness; and only ignorant fanatics would deny that Europe owes it much gratitude, as Pope Leo claims, for the ardour and energy with which it has often represented the forces of civilisation against barbarous secular rulers. This is very different, however, from the notion that the Papacy has never needed to be reformed, and that the influence it has exerted proves its pretension to the possession of supernatural authority. If Pope Leo hopes, by means of historical research, to convince the world of the truth of these propositions, it is hardly presumptuous to say that he is preparing for himself a very bitter disappointment.

FISH FOR THE POOR.—Although the Fisheries Exhibition has not succeeded, as was hoped, in lowering the price of fish at the West End, it seems to be doing good in another direction. By directing public attention to the whole subject of fish and fisheries, it has set clever wits at work to devise means for increasing the supply and diminishing the cost. Curiously enough, the workhouse authorities were the first to show the way in this righteous endeavour, and Bumble stood forward as the emancipator of the fish-loving Briton from the shackles of the Billingsgate "ring." He quickly demonstrated that fish of the coarser sorts can be brought to inland towns, in prime condition and in large quantities, for 2d. a pound, including all charges. This, in itself, was a revelation; but when once a movement of the sort is started, it gains fresh force every day. But it is, indeed, a new departure to have fresh herrings from Wick sold in London at twopence

and threepence a dozen. This miracle was effected by means of refrigerator cars, and, as the venture was purely commercial, we may assume that the selling afforded a fair profit. Up to the present time, it has been regarded as quite impracticable to bring herrings from the North of Scotland to London. This fish is peculiarly liable to taint during hot weather, and as the great shoals always make their appearance in the early autumn, enormous quantities are often converted into manure. We may now hope that science has discovered a means of preventing this dreadful waste of food. When we hear of the great Atlantic steamboats literally ploughing through broad bands of splendid fish off the west coast of Ireland, and killing them by the million with their screws, it is more than full time to take thought about bringing this inexhaustible supply of food to the half-starved poor in our great cities. This is the mission on which Columbia Market has now entered, in partnership with the Refrigerator Car Company, and we trust that every success will attend their combined efforts.

HOTEL THIEVES.—There has been lamentation this year among Scotch hotel-keepers, whose high prices seem to have scared away tourists. We have some recollection of a Scotch hotel-bill in which four shillings was charged for the use of four gas burners during an evening. This might excuse us for joining with those who say that the too canny Highlandmen are only reaping their deserts; but we prefer to be magnanimous, and to break a quill in defence of hotel-keepers, who, as a class, are more victimised than any other body of men excepting pawnbrokers. Travellers who are not given to reflecting how they may shirk the payment of their hotel-bills may be surprised to hear that there are other persons of less conventional turn who habitually live in hotels free of cost. The hotel "sneak," as he is called, generally alights at an hotel with a good-looking bag containing an overcoat, brush and comb, a change of raiment and a brick as make-weight. He eats, drinks, and sleeps till his bill is sent in, then bestows his portable properties into his pockets, throws his overcoat over his arm, conceals the bag beneath it, and walks out of the house, leaving the brick as a souvenir to the manager. Having patronised one house in this way, he goes to another; and it is almost impossible to stop his game, for he is so well-dressed and quiet that he disarms suspicion. But even if his attire be dubious managers would be wary of showing that they suspected him lest he should turn out to be some wealthy, eccentric individual like one of the Lords Londesborough, who used to dress shabbily, saying it mattered not what he wore in the country, where everybody knew him, and it mattered still less in town, where he did not know a soul. Hotel-keepers and managers have had to resign themselves to the depredations of hotel "sneaks" as to an inevitable nuisance; but it is a nuisance which has to be paid for, and those who pay are the travellers who regularly settle their bills. This may explain some of the hotel overcharges against which worthy people protest in vain. On every dish they eat and on every bottle they drink they have to pay a tax to square the accounts of the gentlemen with the bricks.

NOTICE.—With this Number is Issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "AN IMPROMPTU TOILET," from the Picture by James Sant, R.A., in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.



Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.

President—His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—LARGEST FISHERIES EXHIBITION EVER HELD.

Open daily, from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m., except Wednesday, when doors are open from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m., until further notice.

BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION of the Exhibition and Grounds by the ELECTRIC LIGHT every evening. Lighting power one million candles.

The Full Band of the GRENADIER GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, will Perform a Grand Selection of Music of the best composers Daily from 3:30 p.m. till 9:45 p.m.

Admission One Shilling on every week day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Season Tickets One Guinea.

EVENING FETES.

On EVERY WEDNESDAY in AUGUST the Exhibition will be open until 11 p.m. The Band will play till 10:45. Special FETES will be held, and the Grounds brilliantly illuminated by Chinese Lanterns, Coloured Fires, &c., under the management of Mr. James Pain, as on the occasion of the Royal Fete on the 18th July.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. The New and Magnificent Entrance in Piccadilly now Open. The World-Famed

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, The Oldest Established and Most Popular Entertainment in the World.

EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, THREE and EIGHT.

All the Year Round.

GREAT AND GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF THE NEW PROGRAMME. All the New Songs received with unbounded enthusiasm. Enormous success of the Grand Military Sketch, THE CHARLESTOWN BLUES.

Mr. G. W. MOORE and Company. Tickets and Places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. No Fees.

TINWORTH EXHIBITION is now OPEN.

Upwards of ONE HUNDRED Subjects from the Bible in Terra Cotta and Doulton Ware, including "THE RELEASE OF BARABBAS," "PREPARING FOR THE CRUCIFIXION," "CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM," and "GOING TO CALVARY."

TINWORTH EXHIBITION ART GALLERIES, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

Open from 10 till 6. Admission 1s. WILL CLOSE on SATURDAY, September 8.

SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND, NOW ON VIEW.

"HIS ONLY FRIEND" Painted by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. Engraved by LOUIS STEELE

"THE NIGHT WATCH" " " J. E. MILLIAS " " STACKPOOLE

"POMONA" " " SIR F. LEIGHTON " " S. COUSINS

"VIOLA" " " G. H. EVERY

Artists' Proofs of Above nearly all gone.

Prints of the Above, 2s. each; NIGHTWATCH, 42s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

NATIONAL PANORAMA, YORK STREET, WESTMINSTER.

Opposite St. James's Park Station.

PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR,

By the Celebrated Painter, Olivier Pichat.

Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Admission 1s.; Fridays, 2s. 6d.

SEASIDE SEASON—THE SOUTH COAST.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.

Trains also from Kensington and Liverpool Street.

Return Tickets from London available for eight days.

Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets.

Improved Train Services.

Pullman Car Trains between Victoria and Brighton

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY (Excepting August 7th, 8th, and 9th).—A CHEAP First Class Train from Victoria, 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 1s. 6d.; available to return by the 5:45 p.m. Express Train or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria 10:45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10:45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8:40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 1s. 6d., available by these trains only.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10:40 and 11:40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9:30 a.m. and 12:55 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion).

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEW HAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

EXPRESS DAY SERVICE—Every Weekday, as under:

Victoria Station.	London Bridge Station.	Paris.
Sept. 1. Dep. 11:25 a.m.	Dep. 11:25 a.m.	Arr. 12:20 a.m.
" 3. " " 7:15 " " " 7:30 " " " 6:40 p.m.	" 4. " " 7:15 " " " 7:30 " " " 6:40 p.m.	" 5. " " 8:10 " " " 8:20 " " " 7:30 " " " 7:30 "
" 6. " " 8:40 " " " 8:50 " " " 7:50 " " " 7:50 "	" 7. " " 8:40 " " " 8:50 " " " 7:50 " " " 7:50 "	" 8. " " 8:40 " " " 8:50 " " " 7:50 " " " 7:50 "

NIGHT TIDAL SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7:50 p.m., and London Bridge 8:00 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday.

FARES—London to Paris and Back—1st Class, 2nd Class.

Available for Return within One Month 1s. 2s. 15d. 2s. 19d.

Third Class Return Ticket by the Night Service, 30s. The "Normandy" and "Britannia" Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently under four hours.

A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NOTE.—In consequence of the numerous inquiries made at the Office upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that APPLICATIONS for ADVERTISEMENTS to be printed upon Sheets entitled INTERLEAFS or LEAFLETS, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of the issue of THE GRAPHIC, do not emanate from this Office, and that such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BADEN-BADEN

BADEN-BADEN has never fulfilled the doleful prophecies which were so freely uttered when the abolition of the gaming-tables took away from that most charming of German watering-places what the world then considered its principal feature. Year by year its shady alleys and handsome Conversation-Haus are thronged, as of yore, and while certainly the character of the visitors has in a great measure altered, they have decidedly changed for the better. The father of a family now need have no fear, either for himself or for his charges, of coming to disastrous grief at the tables, and can thoroughly enjoy the magnificent walks, the luxurious hotels, and the recuperative waters with tranquil mind. Moreover, the town is a favourite summer residence of the Empress of Germany and a host of Teutonic celebrities, while at race time and during pigeon-shooting week Baden is crowded with some of the most illustrious personages of Europe. This year Baden-Baden has been even gayer than usual, owing to the jubilee, or twenty-fifth anniversary of the International Club, which has been commemorated with great festivities, and attended by thousands of visitors, foremost amongst whom has been the Prince of Wales. The International Club was founded for the development of the different branches of sport in Germany, and under its auspices horse-racing, which was little practised by the Germans previously, has been thoroughly organised, and is now as favourite a pastime as in England or France. The head-quarters of the club are in Baden-Baden, and there since August 1st a round of daily festivities of one kind or another has taken place. Balls and picnics, dinners and concerts, and fêtes champêtres have alternated with various sports, such as clay pigeon shooting and hare and hounds, the chief interest, however, being centred in the races. These began on the 23rd ult., with the Prix de l'Avenir (1,000l.). On Monday came the Prix du Jubilé, a gold cup given by the Grand Duke of Baden, and a purse of 2,000l., a jubilee dinner following, and a general illumination of the town and torch-light procession. On Thursday there was to be a grand steeple-chase, in which the Prince of Wales had entered his horse "Scott," while the fourth and last race meet is fixed for to-morrow. The festivities, however, will be continued for another week. Our illustrations require but little explanation. The view of Baden-Baden taken from one of the heights for which the district is renowned, will give an idea of the picturesque situation of the town. Another sketch shows the Grand Stand; while of the remainder we need only allude to that of the Prince of Wales talking to Mr. Arthur Coventry, the gentleman rider, who had undertaken to ride the Prince's horse Scott, which was entered for the great Baden Steeple-chase, above-mentioned.

We may add that the Prince has taken a prominent part in the festivities, and that at a grand international dinner at the Club House on Friday week, the Prince, as patron of the fêtes, proposed the toast of the Club and its hospitable President, Prince Charles of Fürstenberg.

VOLUNTEERS AT ALDERSHOT

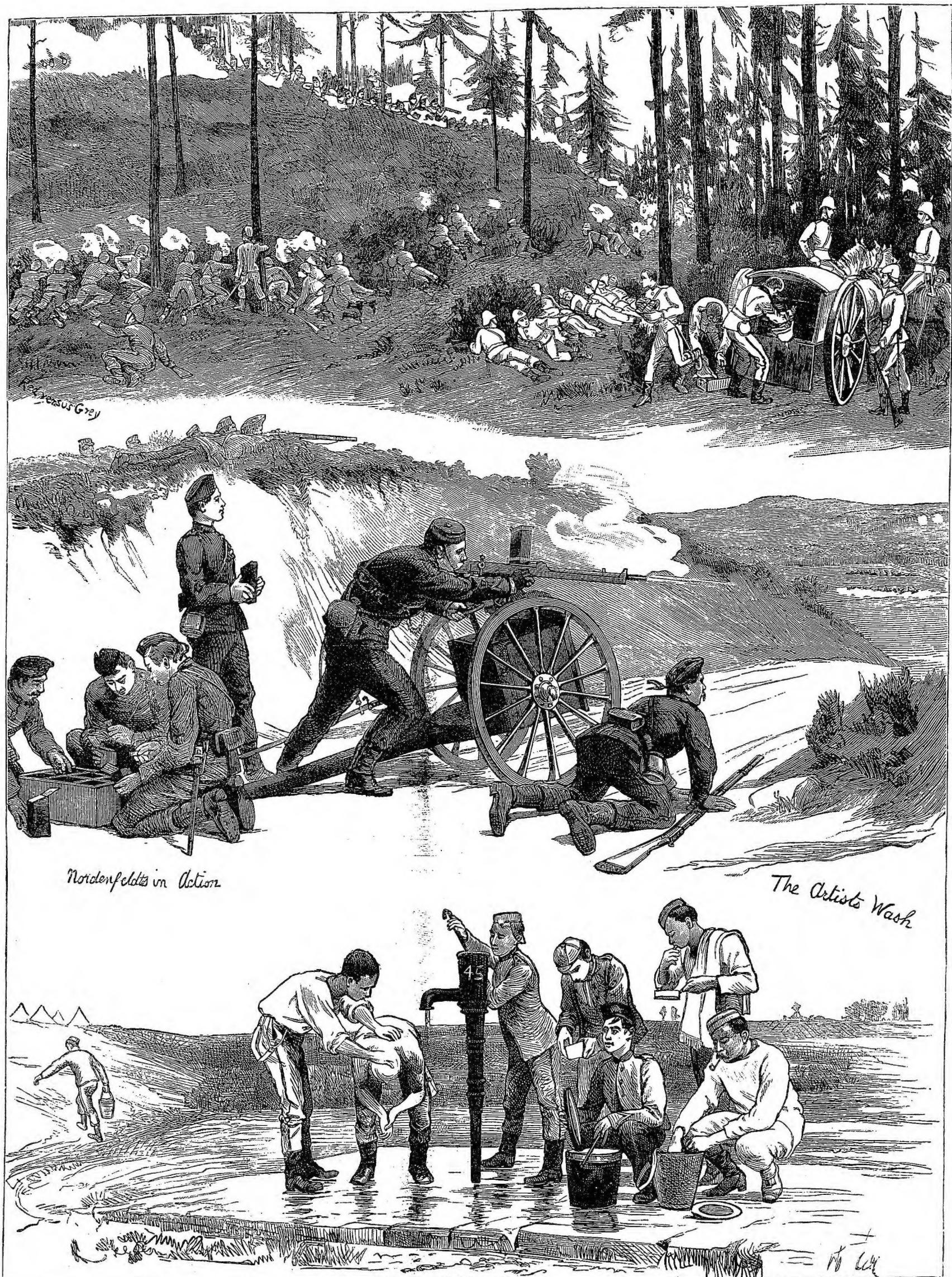
See page 222

THE BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION

See page 227

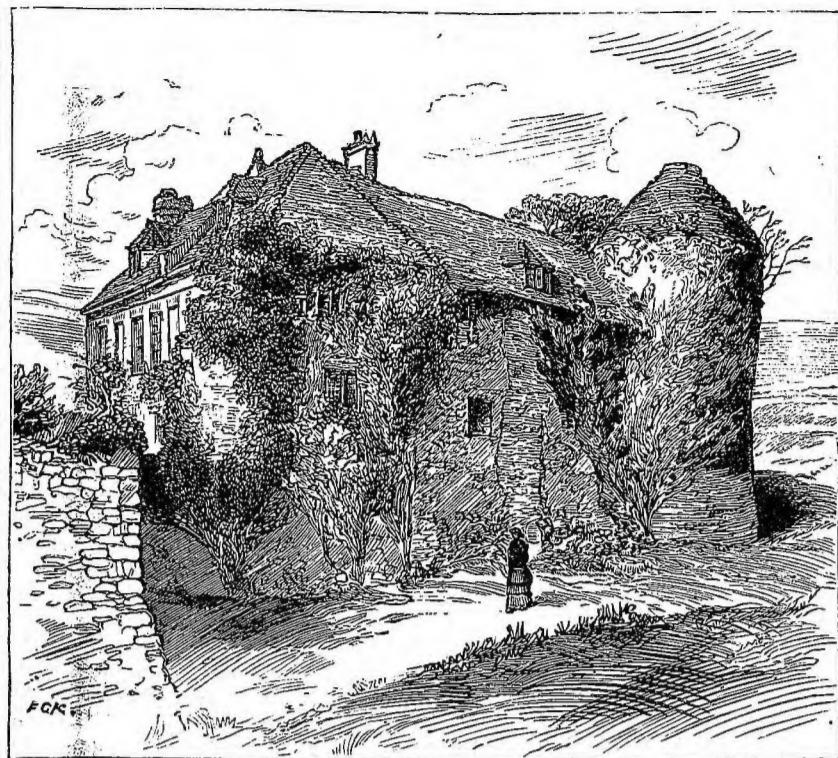
AT A LADIES' SWIMMING COMPETITION

Of late years the art of swimming, which with our aquatic habits ought to be a necessary accomplishment to all, has found increasing favour with ladies, who a few years since thought that bobbing up and down in a few feet of water, while clad in the most hideous and embarrassing costume which could possibly be devised, was the height of enjoyment in bathing. Far different is it across the Channel, where, instead of being tied round the waist like a chained inhabitant of the Zoological Gardens, and being now and then soured by the grimdest of bathing women, ladies are wont to attire themselves in the daintiest and most becoming of costumes,





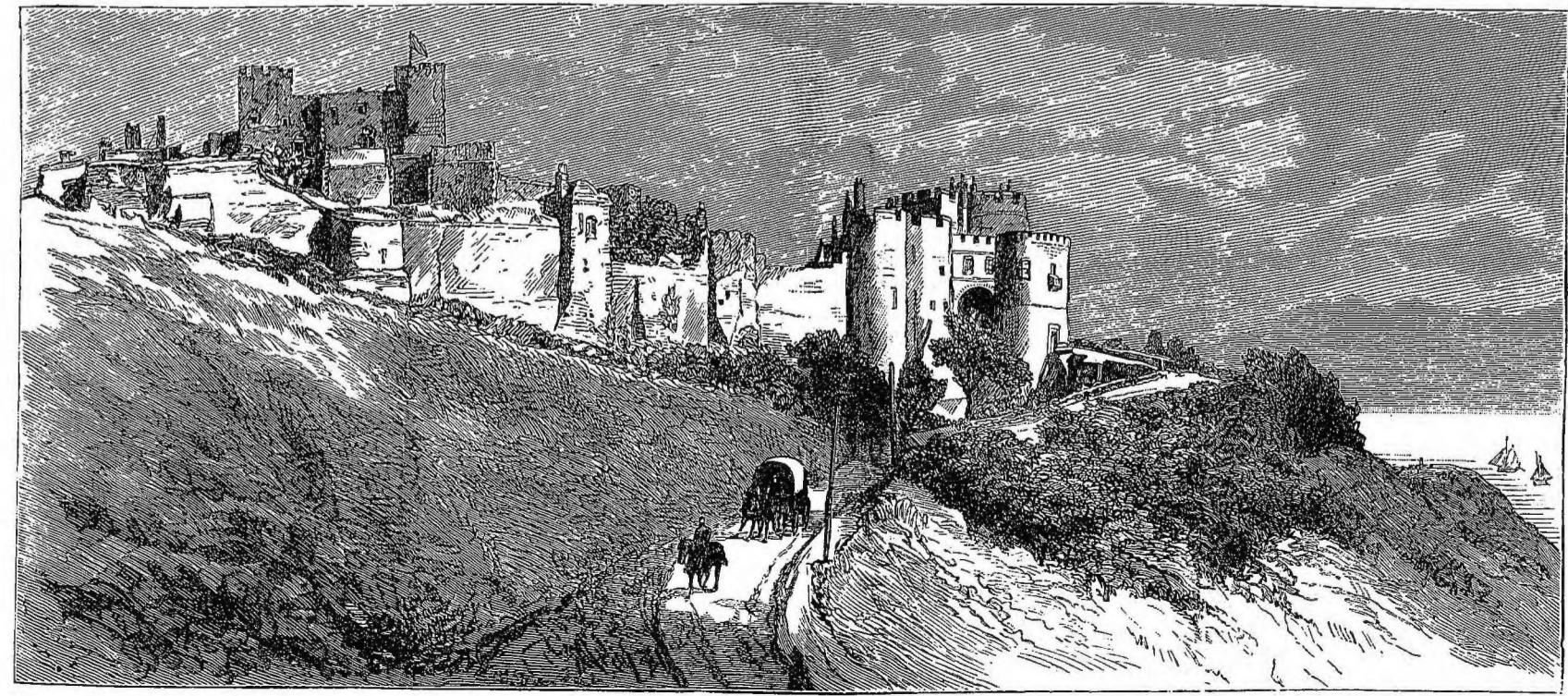
RUINS OF OLD CASTLE AT LYMPNE



WESTENHANGER HOUSE ("ROSAMOND'S BOWER")



WEST GATE, CANTERBURY



DOVER CASTLE

to disport themselves merrily unfastened in the water, and to make up family and friendly parties for the hour of bathing. We have seen Frenchwomen swim with a skill and daring which would put many an Englishman to shame. Within the last few years, however, their English sisters, always ready to take a leaf out of their book with regard to their land costumes, have begun to follow their example on the water. It is true that at present this example is mainly confined to swimming baths, but everything must have a beginning, and we will hope that it will in time spread to the sea-shore. A great impetus has been given to this movement by the organisation of swimming competitions. In London at the bath where our sketches were taken the number of competitors was at first small, but both these and the spectators—who are entirely confined to ladies—have noteworthy increased, the latter in many cases being imbued with the desire to learn and to compete themselves. The competitions are most varied in their character, as may be seen by our illustrations, and include breast swimming, the easiest and most enduring style of stroke, the dashing side stroke, swimming on the back—a pleasant change—floating, plunging, and diving—the latter for distance as well as for endurance. In addition to the fancy sports shown in our engraving, a very amusing item of the programme is "mussock" riding. Mussocks are inflated pigskins, used for crossing rivers in India, and the greatest nicety in their management is required—a nicety, however, easily attained by ladies. The most important of all is the accomplishment of swimming fully dressed, which is displayed at these competitions, as well as the method of saving a fellow woman.

Our illustrations are from sketches by Miss K. J. Edwards.

TAMATAVE

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THE ASSASSINATION OF CAREY

ON Sunday, July 29th, the notorious informer, James Carey, was shot on board the steamer *Melrose*, while on her voyage between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, by a man named O'Donnell. Carey and his family had come out from England under the name of Power in the *Kinfauns Castle*, in which O'Donnell, his wife, and niece had also taken passage from England. At Cape Town it appears to have leaked out that Power was Carey, and on hearing the report read out by a steward O'Donnell is said to have exclaimed, "If I had known he was on board the ship I would have swung for him." The next day O'Donnell, who seems to have kept on very friendly terms with Carey, shot him three times with a revolver, the first bullet striking the unfortunate man in the neck, and the two last lodging in his back. He was at once disarmed and placed in irons, and, curiously enough, on seeing Mrs. Carey, said, "Shake hands, I did not do it." Carey died in a very short time; and the Captain at once searched O'Donnell's baggage, finding a mysterious-looking electrical machine, which was at once consigned to the sea. On

cave some bundles of linen black with age, and smelling strongly of bitumen. On opening them they were found to contain, not the much-desired golden treasure, but only narrow strips of leather covered with strange scratches (*naksh*). Some of the Arabs, disgusted with the apparent worthless nature of the find, threw away or burned their fragments; others, regarding the uncouth characters as talismanic signs, kept them, and good fortune coming to them in course of time was attributed to the possession of these magic scrolls. Mr. Shapira states that he first heard of the find in 1878, and after considerable trouble succeeded in obtaining thirty strips, some being duplicates, with more or less legible writing in the Moabite characters. The manuscript was first exhibited in the rooms of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and is now deposited in the British Museum. The strips are about forty-two inches long and three and a-half wide, and contain on an average twelve lines of writing each. They are extremely black, and appear to be saturated with some oily or glutinous matter, and it is only by the application of spirits of wine that the text can be deciphered. The manuscript proves to consist of portions of two or more versions of the Book of Deuteronomy, presenting very considerable variations from the received Hebrew text. In the opening portion, Chapters I. and II. of the Authorised Version are combined; and in the Version of the Decalogue the two first Commandments are joined, and a new Commandment, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart," introduced. The writing employed is almost exactly similar to the Moabite Stone, a strange use of the lapidary style in manuscript writing. In order that this may be seen, we have given some specimens of the various writings with which the text is being compared. The first (Fig. 2) is taken from the manuscript, and is the opening passage: "These are the words which Moses spoke according to the mouth of Jehovah," which may be compared with the writing of the first line of the Moabite Stone (ninth century, B.C.) reading "I am Mesha, son of Kemosh-Gad, King of Moab" (Fig. 4). There is a wide difference between these writings and the third example, taken from the Siloam Inscription, probably dating from the eighth century, B.C., and a still greater from the fourth specimen, the oldest example taken from a MS. of the sixth century, A.D., in the Bible Society's Library at Odessa. In the opening passage of this manuscript the writer mentions the giants (*rephaim*) as former inhabitants of the land; strange relics of these people are yet found in the cromlechs and dolmens scattered over the plains of Moab. The one of which we give an illustration was found in the Wady Zerka—the "ancient brook of Jabboek," the boundary of Gilead. The report which Dr. Ginsburg has made to Mr. Bond, the Principal Librarian of the British Museum, reveals the forged nature of the rolls. Both by external and internal evidence the MS. is condemned. It appears to have been written on a series of strips which had formed the lower margin of a disused synagogue roll. The internal evidence is still more curious, as it shows the remarkable fact that the text prepared by an amalgamation of portions of Leviticus and Deuteronomy was dictated to a scribe who wrote it out in Moabite characters. The author of this new version not being versed in the Moabite paleography allowed several errors to pass which have revealed the nature of the fraud. The strips were then treated to a chemical bath to produce the antique appearance, and so prepared for sale. Since the days of Simonides no such barefaced fraud has been attempted on the *savants* of Europe.

W. ST. C. B.

THE LATE COMTE DE CHAMBORD

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THE LATE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.—NOTES AT FROHS'DORF

THE Castle of Frohsdorf, the residence of the late Comte de Chambord, is situated in Lower Austria, on the Hungarian frontier. The castle stands in a large park, usually open to the public, save a small portion reserved for the exclusive use of the Comte and his household. The castle was originally the property of the House of Lichtenstein. It was subsequently bought by the wife of Prince Murat, and became, in 1841, the residence of the Duchess of Angouleme, who on her death ten years later left it to the Comte de Chambord. Land tells us that Frohsdorf is very simply furnished, and there is little of regal state about its apartments. The château has a basement and two storeys. The apartments of the Comtesse de Chambord and of the late Comte are on the first floor; the apartments of the "gentlemen of the Court" and those assigned to guests are on the mansarded second storey. A dry moat surrounds the entire house, and a light iron bridge has been thrown across to give access to the gardens, which are laid out in the style of Versailles. Apart from these formal gardens there are no grounds. The extensive park is flat, uninteresting, and almost treeless; but in the distance there are some fine hills clothed with forests. This funeral pile might almost have been intended by its builder for the tomb of a dynasty. In the early days of the Comte's illness he was frequently taken on a bed into the garden for the sake of the fresh air. Another of our sketches represents the Comte receiving the Last Sacrament, when considered to be at the last extremity, on July 6th, in the presence of the Comtesse, of MM. d'Andigné, de Monti, de Raincourt, and of his household. The Comte responded to the prayers with great calmness, the service being conducted in the manner which he himself had prescribed. When also at the point of death—a few minutes before he breathed his last, he again received the sacraments, which were administered by his private chaplain.

"AN IMPROMPTU TOILET"

AN improvised costume is frequently far more becoming to the wearers—particularly if those personages be of the fair sex—than their own cut-and-dried toilles, however fashionably the latter may be arranged. So thought the ladies of the French Court when, with the Queen at their head, they used to play at dairying at Versailles, and so have thought generations of novel-heroes who have fallen in love at first sight with their respective heroines simply because they have seen them in cook's aprons, with their arms bespattered with dough, or clad in some equally rustic costume, and performing some equal household duty. In the present case, however, the impromptu toilet is a very different kind of affair, and Mr. Sant's little girl is thinking of far other things as she dons the masquerading cloak and slouch hat, which, to judge by the visor-mask lying on the floor, have served to disguise one of her elders at some gay festival. Little coquette that she appears to be, she knows that the costume suits her as she smiles from beneath the broad brim of her huge head gear in a manner which tempts us to cap Mr. Sant's quotation from another from the same source—Don Pedro's apostrophe to Beatrice, "In faith, lady, you have a merry heart."

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY, by W. E. Norris, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 229.

THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN LONDON

ONE of the most extraordinary feats which the modern appliances of electricity have now made easy of performance is that of enabling two persons at a distance to talk together—not by means of the deflection of a needle to the right or to the left, but by the actual reproduction of the voice itself. We have already described and illustrated this marvellous discovery—all the more marvellous from its very simplicity; and now, after a very few years, we illustrate the manner

in which the telephone is put into practical use not only in London, but in all the chief European cities, and to a much greater extent across the Atlantic. The system in question is known as the "Exchange." The wires, to which are attached the instruments in the houses or offices of subscribers to the company who have the monopoly of the instruments, all lead to a central office known as the Exchange, and there any one correspondent can be "switched" or placed into communication with any other subscriber, being thus able to chat or transact business with some thousands of persons. Each subscriber is allotted a particular number by which he is known, and when wanting to speak with any correspondent he rings the Exchange up, by pressing a button on his instrument. This causes an indicator bearing his number to drop in the Exchange room. The attendant in charge, ordinarily a female clerk, then switches his line on to her telephone and answers him. When he has told her the number he requires, she switches the two numbers through to each other, thus placing the two persons in communication.

The two Exchanges we illustrate are worked on slightly different systems.

No. 1 shows one worked with a switch-board called a slipper-board. The attendant seated in front of the switch-board has, in this case, nothing to do but to switch the subscriber, in the first instance, through to the attendant at the table, who answers him, and, ascertaining the number he requires, calls it to the switch-board attendant, who connects the two subscribers' lines together by means of a cord with plugs on the ends, the cords containing a flexible conductor. There are two of these slipper-boards shown, each of which is capable of holding one hundred and fifty subscribers; the indicator boards being placed on both sides of them. At the tables where the attendants who answer the subscribers are sitting the transmitters are shown suspended from hooks.

No. 2 shows an Exchange worked on a different principle. The switch-board, in this case, is called a peg-board, being worked by means of small pegs, in the place of cords and plugs as in the former case, and each attendant performs the double duty of answering and switching the subscribers' lines. The indicators are shown in the upper part of the boards, and the peg-boards below them. On the third set of indicators, one will be seen to have dropped, and the attendant at the board is answering the subscriber who has rung her up. Just beyond this set of indicators some circular switches are shown, which are used for connecting subscribers at night.

No. 5 shows the Central Exchange in Coleman Street, and the frame on the roof, on which upwards of 500 wires are fixed, and are carried into the Exchange in a room below.

No. 6 depicts a telephone at the House of Commons, by means of which the speeches are transmitted by the reporter direct to the compositor, who is supplied with two small telephones, held to his ears by springs, his hands being entirely disengaged to work the composing machine.

Nos. 3 and 4 are prospective sketches of two persons talking by telephone between Brighton and London, which towns will soon be connected. Experiments have already been made between these stations by means of the ordinary telegraph wires, and proved to be in every way successful. A regular line of telephone wires is now in course of erection. The instruments which are shown being used for this purpose are the same as those already used by all the subscribers and exchanges, viz., the Blake Transmitter and the Bell Telephone Receiver. This transmitter, into which the speaker talks, is composed of a diaphragm vibrating against a small platinum bead, which presses against a button of carbon. Through these a current of electricity is passed. Any movement of the diaphragm of the transmitter, such as the vibration of sound of speech, causes the platinum bead to press into the carbon, which thereby alters the current of electricity. This alteration is carried by the wire to the receiver at the other end, and causes its diaphragm to vibrate in a precisely similar manner as that of the transmitter, and so reproduce the exact sounds. The telephone receiver contains a diaphragm, opposite the centre of which is a magnet with a small coil at one end, the current from the transmitter passes through this coil, and by its variation causes the diaphragm of the receiver to be vibrated.

There are now in London over 3,000 subscribers to the United Telephone Exchange, and the "calls" are said to be some 21,500 daily; allowing for a question and answer to each, this makes a total of 43,000 messages for every day.



MUCH EXCITEMENT was caused at Plymouth on Sunday afternoon by the appearance off the port of a large mail steamer so deep down by the head that she was obviously only kept from sinking by the large sail fothered under her bows, and closely followed by a tug-boat, crowded from stem to stern with human beings. The steamer was the *St. Germain*, of the French Transatlantic Company, which, at daybreak that morning, had been in collision with the *Woodburn* from Madras, proceeding up Channel, in tow of the tug *Recovery*. The great "liner" had struck the smaller steamer at right angles, cutting her literally in two, but receiving such injuries herself, that but for the smoothness of the sea and the strength of her watertight bulkheads, she must have founded. Her 600 passengers, unmanageable through fright, were slowly transferred to the *Recovery*, and the two vessels made their way to Plymouth, where the *St. Germain* was taken in charge of a Government pilot, and cleverly fastened to one of the Admiralty buoys until the dock, then occupied by the *Himalaya*, could be got ready for her. The *Woodburn* had founded almost instantaneously, carrying down with her eighteen of her crew, the remaining eleven being rescued by the boat of the *Recovery*. Next day the *St. Germain* was taken into the Admiralty Dock, when two large holes were discovered in her bows, half choked with fragments of the unlucky *Woodburn* and her cargo. She will there undergo some temporary repairs to enable her to proceed to Southampton, the docks in France being all full. The master of the *Recovery* is said to have carried the proper lights denoting that he had a ship in tow. The *St. Germain* has been arrested by the owners of the *Woodburn*, who claim damages to the amount of 60,000*l*, but an order has been granted for the release of her cargo, which will be transhipped with her passengers to the *Amerique*.

MINISTERIAL AND OPPOSITION LEADERS did not wait for the formal prorogation of the House on Saturday to effect their retreat into the country. Mr. Gladstone, when the Session closed, was already an hour on his way to Hawarden, where he read the Lessons on Sunday in the parish church, and where, we regret to say, he still requires a bodyguard of Flintshire police.—Sir Stafford Northcote will shortly leave his seat near Exeter for a cruise in Mr. Smith's yacht *Pandora*, to gain strength for his October visit to Belfast, where he is to open the new Constitutional Club, a ceremony postponed last year on account of his health.—Lord Hartington has promised to represent the Government at the Sheffield Cutlers' Feast, on September 6th; Mr. Mundella, like the Premier, desiring to be excused, and for the same reason—imperative need of rest.—Lord and Lady Carnarvon sailed last week for Canada, where they will be the guests of the Marquis of Lorne, to whose other dignities, a Montreal telegram informs us, has recently been added that of

Patrick O'Donnell

the arrival of the *Melrose* at Port Elizabeth, the prisoner and the body of his victim were at once taken on shore, O'Donnell being handcuffed to the rails of the launch, with a policeman on either side. An immense crowd assembled to see him land, the news having spread with the utmost celerity, and he was received with mingled groans and cheers. He is described as a tall, powerfully-built man, with an expression of determined fierceness in his features, standing fully six feet, and with a rather unusually high forehead, narrowing at the sides. His nose is straight and well-shaped, his eyes are grey, his hair dark, and he is apparently about forty-four years of age. O'Donnell was taken as quickly as possible into the Magistrates' Court House, and the doors closed—the most stringent precautions being adopted to prevent any possibility of a rescue. The evidence of witnesses was taken during the next few days, and, after the necessary preliminaries, O'Donnell was dispatched to England, on Tuesday, in the steamer *Athenian*, to take his trial for the murder.—Our illustrations of "O'Donnell Going to the Court-House," and "The Scene Outside the Court-House," are from photographs by R. Harris, Donken Street; and the portrait of O'Donnell is from a photograph by C. W. Smart, Donken Street, Port Elizabeth.

THE SHAPIRA MANUSCRIPT OF DEUTRONOMY

THIS remarkable manuscript, which has now been officially examined by Dr. Ginsburg on behalf of the British Museum authorities, may certainly be regarded as the archaeological lion of the season. The alleged story of its discovery and the nature of its contents form another of those strange surprises which are by no means uncommon in the annals of Oriental Archaeology. The Earthquake of 1837 was in all probability the means of bringing to light the now famous Moabite Stone, and a petty tribute-raising expedition of the Wali of Damascus some fifteen years ago rescued, according to Mr. Shapira's account, these important Moabite Scriptures from the cavern-tomb where they had been deposited. During the war which was carried on in the wadys and hills of the Modjib, and the basin of the Arnon, the Arabs had taken to the caves and holes in the rocks and carried on a guerilla warfare against the Turkish troops. We give a drawing of one of these wadys in the neighbourhood of Aroar, a district where the manuscript is said to have been found. The limestone cliffs are full of caverns which had been used as tombs and temporary dwelling-places. One of the parties thus hiding discovered in a

Grand Chief of the Lorette Indians, with the new name of Kondearone, or "The Rat."

GREAT SATISFACTION has been everywhere expressed at the bestowal of a baronetcy on Mr. T. H. Farrer, the able Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, and of a seat in the Privy Council on Sir T. Acland, M.P.—an honour which has also been conferred on Mr. J. B. Balfour, Lord Advocate for Scotland. The Commissionership of Excise, vacated by the resignation of Sir F. Doyle, has been given to Lord Sudeley; the office of Inspector-General, under the new Bankruptcy Act, with a salary of 1,500/- per annum, to Mr. J. Smith, Manager of the London and Yorkshire Bank; and that of Receiver to the Metropolitan Police District, about to become vacant by the retirement of Mr. Maurice Drummond, to Mr. Pennefather, Auditor to the Metropolitan Board of Works. A pension of 250/- a year from the Civil List has been awarded by the Queen to Mr. Matthew Arnold in recognition of his distinguished literary attainments.

MR. C. H. STRUTT, younger brother of Lord Rayleigh, was returned on Saturday for South Essex without opposition. Mr. Strutt, who took a First Class in the Moral Science Tripos at Cambridge in 1871, is the eighty-ninth member returned since the last General Election.—Party spirit is beginning to run high in Rutlandshire, where there has been only one contested election (in 1842) since the passing of the first Reform Bill, and both Mr. Davenport-Handley (L) and Mr. Lowther (C) have been busily canvassing among the farmers. The nomination took place on Monday at Castle Oakham; the polling upon Friday, the day before the Corrupt Practices Act comes into force.

A NEW COFFEE PALACE, at Birmingham, the "Cobden," was opened on Wednesday by Mr. Bright with a speech deserving some attention. The veteran Liberal is much too clear-headed to advocate legislation "in a hurricane" like the Permissive Bill, or injustice towards trades permitted by the law. He suggests, instead, that the power of granting licenses should rest with the Corporations, who should also receive the revenues of the local excise for the relief of local burdens and for compensation to those whose licenses might be withdrawn. In this way, he thinks that public-houses would become fewer and more respectable from year to year; not by violent change, but in harmony with the steady growth of temperance opinions among the community.

LORD AND LADY SPENCER returned to Dublin on Friday from Castle Bernard. A curious *contretemps*, by which the State carriage was despatched as soon as His Excellency had taken his seat, leaving the Countess and the rest of the party on the platform, caused some alarm at first, succeeded by amusement. The Viceroy has since written to the Mayor of Cork to thank him for his hospitality.—O'Donnell, the murderer of Carey, sailed for England on the 28th. His application to the Supreme Court to be tried in the colony was rejected. His victim was interred at Port Elizabeth, the only ceremony being an extempore prayer from the medical officer, Dr. Ensor. Considerable sums for O'Donnell's defence have been subscribed by the Irish in America.—Mr. Parnell took the chair at the first meeting, since the prorogation of Parliament, of the Irish National League in Dublin. The tone of the speeches was moderate and hopeful. Praise was bestowed on the Fisheries, the Labourers, and the Tramways Acts, and a belief expressed that before many years the programme for which the League was formed would be achieved.—Three men have been arrested at Cork in consequence of the discovery of an infernal machine and other weapons in the ceiling of a bakehouse. The weapons had evidently been concealed for a long time, and the prisoners were admitted to bail in a small amount.—Mr. Parnell's recent attack on the ship-carpenters of Belfast has been followed by a savage attack on an excursion party of the latter by the dock labourers at Newry Station. Many on both sides were hurt by stone-throwing, and the affray was only stopped by the departure of the train.—Grave complaints have been made by the Loughrea Guardians of the mode in which the inquiry into the death, under very painful circumstances, of Thos. Burke, farm labourer in the neighbourhood, was conducted by the inspector, Dr. Roughan. Mr. Davitt has written to the papers to deny, from his own knowledge, that the man was almost healed, as stated by Dr. Bourke, a few days before his death.—A vacancy has been created in the representation of Limerick by the appointment of Mr. R. O'Shaughnessy, M.P., to the office of Registrar of Petty Sessions.—Mr. Parnell has arranged to contest County Down in person at the next General Election.—M'Dermott, the Liverpool Fenian, has been remanded once more. Among a number of documents found in his baggage is a card signed "T. Featherstone," introducing M'Dermott to Henry Dalton, London.

AT CARDIFF, the Council of the South Wales University have agreed to accept for temporary purposes the old Infirmary buildings offered them at a rental of 400/. Seven Professorships and six other appointments will shortly be filled up, and for these numerous applications have been sent in from home and abroad.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING this week in the Town Hall, Manchester, of subscribers to the Parliamentary Fund of the Manchester Ship Canal, it was unanimously resolved to bring forward an amended scheme in the next Session. Another 25,000/-, the Chairman said, would cover the costs of the new Bill.

THE ARMED BURGLAR is becoming an institution. His last appearance has been at Wimbledon, where he was seen by Policeman 519 B, taking off his boots, in company with a friend, the better to effect an entrance into a house whose owner was away. Grappled with by the constable, he stabbed at him with a knife, but, finding himself likely to be overpowered, drew out a revolver and fired at his antagonist, the first shot passing through the officer's helmet, the second wounding him severely in the thigh. The burglars now beat a retreat, and the constable crawled to a neighbouring cottage, whence he was taken to the hospital. He has, however, been able to give a clear description of his assailant.

NO efforts will be spared to make to-day's Hospital Saturday a conspicuous success; 1,200 ladies—200 more than on former occasions—will act as collectors, and there will be concerts during the day in Victoria and Southwark Parks, and vocal and instrumental concerts within doors in the evening. The East End stations will be profusely decorated with flowers.

AMONG recent deaths we notice the names of Rawdon Brown, author of "Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.," and Editor of the "Calendar of Venetian State Papers," published in the Rolls Series; of Mr. Berens, some time Governor of the Bank of England; and of Captain Bower, C.B., Commander of Her Majesty's yacht *Osborne* from 1856 to 1864.

THE FIRST SESSION WITH THE NEW RULES

THE Parliamentary Session of 1883 is not calculated by its achievements to create a condition of enthusiasm in the minds of those chiefly concerned in its working. It has not distinguished itself by the accomplishment of heroic legislation. But a Session that has seen added to the Statute Book a Bankruptcy Act, a Patents Act, an Agricultural Holdings Act, a Corrupt Practices Act, not to mention an Irish Tramways Act and half-a-dozen other measures of minor importance, is by no means to be despised. It must also be taken into account that several other Bills were brought very near to the point of being carried, and would now be Acts of Parliament but for disagreement with the Lords. By a significant coincidence, these were measures not passionately desired by the House of Commons. The Irish Parliamentary Registration Bill was passed through the Lower House in accordance with the Liberal

tendencies of the majority. The Conservative Opposition for the most part preserved a gloomy silence during its progress. Doubtless they knew very well what would happen to it when it reached the Lords, and there was nothing to be gained, particularly at election times, by opposing the Irish party unnecessarily. But it would be too much to expect from human nature that the majority of members in the House of Commons, whether Liberal or Conservative, can poignantly regret any rebuff administered in another place to the small but noisy party which too frequently dominates the House of Commons.

As to the Scotch Local Government Board Bill, there was, rightly or wrongly, a general disposition to regard it as a personal matter. There was strong inclination among the Liberal party to see Lord Rosebery once more colleague with Mr. Gladstone. There seems to be no difficulty in understanding that no Minister in subordinate position working as colleague with Sir William Harcourt would throw obstacles in the way of a re-arrangement of his position. Simultaneously with the announcement that Lord Rosebery had resigned the position of Under-Secretary for State for the Home Department there was a persistent and circumstantial report to the effect that he could not any longer work with Sir William Harcourt. If there truly be any difficulty in the position, Lord Rosebery is, for many reasons, the man to overcome it. When Sir William Harcourt, with tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice, read in the House of Commons an extract from a letter written by Lord Rosebery, in which he contradicted this report, the House rudely laughed, which to the stranger in the gallery would doubtless seem a very heartless thing. All these incidents gave to the proposed new office a personal bearing which would be a little harshly described if it were called a job. No one particularly cared for it in the Commons, and the Lords, having had to swallow the Agricultural Holdings Bill, relieved their feelings by ignominiously rejecting this measure, much on the principle that, as represented in pantomime, the policeman, judiciously shrinking from encounter with adult offenders, falls upon a small boy, and roughly expels him.

The Session just closed is memorable, amongst other things, as being the first in which the New Rules of Procedure came into usage. It is said that the Rules have remained inoperative, and that they have not proved worth the labour expended upon them during the Autumn Session. That, however, is a statement that could only be made in ignorance of facts. It is true that the once famous First Resolution embodying the principle of the *clôture* has not been called into actual operation. That it should be so is in full accord with the arguments urged at the time in opposition to the wild anticipations of Gladstonian tyranny indulged in by opponents of the proposition. But because the *clôture* has not been invoked it would not be accurate to say that it has had no influence upon the events of the Session. That it has had such influence is at once shown by the statement of the simple fact that, for the first time for several Sessions, Irish Obstruction has not revelled in an all-night sitting. All-night sittings of the kind which marked the Sessions of 1881 and 1882 will never more be possible, which of itself would be no mean recommendation for the *clôture*.

Some of the other Rules, less striking in their individuality, have done silent, unobtrusive, but most valuable good. Of such is the Rule which confines debates on motions for the adjournment of a debate strictly to the matter of the motion. Formerly when an Irish member, or an obstructive of another nationality, thought a debate had gone on long enough, or if there had occurred to him a few words of abuse of the Chief Secretary, the Lord Lieutenant, or other member of the Executive Government, he could move the adjournment, and forthwith deliver his soul. Now if he moves the adjournment his speech must be strictly confined to stating the reasons for so doing, and these cannot in any circumstances provide material for a long speech. The Rule embodying a limitation of the right of motion for adjournment at question time, which last Session threatened to be more obstructive than the Rule it superseded, has this year been remarkably harmless. Very rarely have forty members been found to rise to support a motion for adjournment in order to introduce a debate setting aside the ordered course of business. The modification of the half-past twelve Rule, permitting money Bills to be taken at any hour, and exempting Bills that have passed the Committee stage, has appreciably affected the advance of business. Another Rule, more than once during the Session invoked with happiest effect has been that giving the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees power to challenge Members insisting upon a division to rise in their places, and if there be not twenty to declare the proposition negatived. Many valuable quarters of an hour have been saved by this Rule, which has severely clipped the wings of Mr. Biggar and Mr. Healy. The privilege of going straight into Committee of Supply on Mondays and Thursdays, except on the first nights of the Army, Navy, or Civil Service Estimates, has been another practical Rule which has done good by stealth.

Whilst these smaller rules have fairly met the anticipations formed of them, there is one of the New Rules which had conspicuous effect upon the success of the Session. The institution of Grand Committees, started this year, has been so entirely a thing apart that the public, who have much to think of, and readily forget particulars, do not habitually associate it with the New Rules. Yet it is to the labours of the Autumn Session that we owe this great and successful experiment. No one disputes the assertion that, but for the Grand Committees, there would have been no Bankruptcy Act and no Patents Act, and thus the Session would have been robbed of its chief accomplishments. The working of the Grand Committees has been watched with much anxiety. At one time they threatened to be a failure, and the varied conditions under which success and failure have respectively followed will doubtless form the basis of similar results in all future Sessions. No one can say that the Criminal Appeal Bill was a more intricate or difficult measure to deal with than the Bankruptcy Bill. Yet, whilst the Bankruptcy Bill passed through the Grand Committee in time for the Patents Bill to be taken up, when the Grand Committee on Law had disposed of the Appeal Bill, it found it had no time to go forward with the larger measure. Beyond this, both the Bankruptcy Bill and the Patents Bill passed through Grand Committee in such a manner that, when they came back to the House of Commons, they were impregnable. This Report stage has always been acknowledged as the crucial turn of the experiment of Grand Committees. If, as is quite open to the House, it were the practice to begin debating over again every clause of the Bill, there would obviously be no saving of time. This was threatened, and would have been carried out, in the case of the Appeal Bill, with the consequence that the measure was dropped. But the Patents Bill, coming back from the Grand Committee, passed the House of Commons in ten minutes; and the Bankruptcy Bill, though the paper was loaded with amendments, did not take more than two hours at the sag end of a sitting to round this difficult point.

The explanation of these varied phenomena must unquestionably be looked far in the management of the Bills in Grand Committee. Beginning in the same week the Grand Committee on Trade, under the direction of Mr. Chamberlain, has had the satisfaction of seeing both its Bills Acts of Parliament. The Grand Committee on Law, under the direction of Sir Henry James, struggled through with one Bill, which afterwards was extinguished in the House of Commons, whilst the other one crumbled to pieces in its own grasp. It is already clear that in Grand Committees will be found not only the solution of the block of public business in the House of Commons, but the establishment and the decline of individual Ministerial reputation.

HENRY W. LUCY



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE at Wakefield, Westmoreland County, Virginia, has been bought by the American Government for State property, and a national monument will be erected there.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION will probably be kept open longer than at first intended, owing to its remarkable success. Originally the 31st of October was fixed for the closing day, but the Executive are now considering an extension of the time.

AN EGG EXCHANGE is held twice a week in Berlin, where the uniform price of eggs is arranged for the city. Germany itself furnishes a very small proportion of the eggs consumed in the country, as fully nine-tenths of the supply come from Russia and Austro-Hungary.

THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY IN VIENNA in connection with the Exhibition greatly delights the Viennese, and crowds assemble to watch and cheer the train as it traverses a mile in three minutes. Except the high level railway in Berlin, this is the only line of the kind at present in Europe.

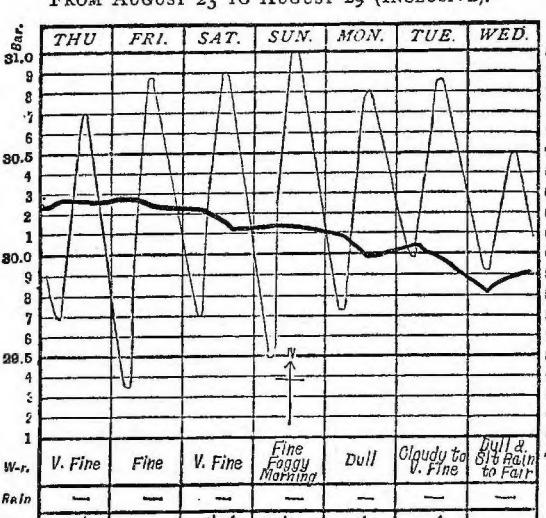
A PLEA FOR SUNDAY REST is most ingeniously put forward so as to catch the public eye in Fribourg, Switzerland. Envelopes are printed bearing on the seal in red letters the request, "You are asked to lessen as much as possible the work of the Post Office and other public services on Sunday, in order that your neighbour may also rest on that day."

SWISS MOUNTAINS are claiming their annual share of victims. Thus, the Comte de la Baume, a practised French climber, has been killed while ascending the Piz Bernina, the highest peak in the Engadine, and rarely attempted on account of its dangers. One of his guides fell into a crevasse, dragging down the Comte and the second guide, and the Comte was immediately killed by falling on his head, while one guide was seriously injured and the other escaped. Further, a Zurich tourist died of fatigue on reaching the summit of the Piz Centrale, in the St. Gothard chain, although the ascent is comparatively easy.

EXHIBITIONS seem to flourish apace in all quarters of the globe. The promoters of the Calcutta Exhibition are almost at their wits' end to supply the demands for space from abroad, while the local committees in India itself have more than doubled the sums granted by the Government authorities for an adequate representation of the respective districts. Altogether Great Britain and other European countries, Australia, America, China, and Japan will occupy 104,450 square feet. Coming nearer home, the Zurich Exhibition has proved one of the most successful ever held in Switzerland, over a million and a half of visitors being recorded. Energetic preparations also are now going on for the coming Exhibition at Nice this winter, and all English desiring copies of the regulations for British exhibitors, and forms of application for space, should apply to Mr. E. Johnson, Commissaire Délégué for Great Britain, at the London Offices of the Exhibition, 1, Castle Street, Holborn.

THE LUTHER COLLECTION at the British Museum is now complete, and forms a most interesting display in the Grenville Library. Specially rich in portraits, autograph, documents, and rare editions of books connected with the Reformer, some of the most noticeable exhibits include the first German editions of Luther's *Pentateuch*, *Psalter*, and *Bible*, dated respectively 1523, 1524, and 1534, his own *Bible* of 1541, containing autographs of the owner, of Melancthon, and other companions of Luther, and the first edition of Luther's collected works in Latin, edited by Melancthon. There is also the original printed broadsheet containing the ninety-five theses against the doctrines of Indulgences, &c., which Luther himself nailed on the doors of Wittenberg Church, besides one of the obnoxious Indulgences sold by Tetzel, which aroused the Reformer's indignation. Alterations are fast taking place in the arrangement of several sections of the British Museum Collection now that the five rooms of the former Natural History Gallery are available, while the additional building being erected by the White bequest is progressing well towards completion. Drawings and prints will be housed in the new Gallery, while two of the rooms in the old Natural History Gallery are devoted to coins and medals, and one to the valuable works in *natura*, which have never yet been shown to the public. The two last rooms will contain the curious collection of early Christian Art, and a number of carbon photographs of studies and sketches by Raphael, arranged chronologically.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM AUGUST 23 TO AUGUST 29 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this week has been fine and dry, with temperature above the average in most parts of the country. During the greater part of the period an anti-cyclone has existed over England and France, and the winds have been exceedingly light and variable. Along the western coasts of Ireland and Scotland, however, slight shallow disturbances have been travelling in a north-easterly direction, so that the weather in the extreme west and north has been rainy, and the wind occasionally rather strong from the south-westward. In the course of Tuesday night (28th inst.), however, a well-marked depression (subsidiary to one further to the northward) passed across Scotland from the westward, bringing rather more rain to our northern districts than has been experienced for some little time. In the rear of this disturbance the barometer rose decidedly, but conditions are becoming rather unsettled, as pressure is very unsteady in the west of Ireland, and there are indications of the formation of shallow subsidiary disturbances over England. The barometer was highest (30.29 inches) on Friday (24th inst.); lowest (29.82 inches) on Wednesday (29th inst.); range, 0.47 inches. Temperature was highest (80°) on Sunday (26th inst.); lowest (47°) on Friday (24th inst.); range, 33°. No rain has been measured during this week.



1. SOME OF THE COSTUMES.—2. THE UMPIRES.—3. THE SIDE STROKE.—4. PREPARING TO DIVE IN WALKING COSTUME.—5. THE TUB RACE.—6. SWIMMING.—7. A GENERAL VIEW.—8. SWIMMING IN WALKING COSTUME.—9. THE DIVER (9-FOOT JUMP).—10. DIVING FOR EGGS AND PEARS.—11. THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.—12. BLINDFOLDED SWIMMING.—13. FLOATING UNDER WATER.



THE year 1883 has deprived FRANCE of two of the most prominent figures in her modern history. With the first hours of the New Year passed away the great champion of the Third Republic, Gambetta; and now the old direct branch of the Bourbons has died out in Henri V. Though long anticipated, the death of the Comte de Chambord has profoundly stirred France; and, to the honour of party differences, there is but one chorus of opinion respecting the honourable and upright character of the dead Prince. After two months' constant suffering, the Count expired at Frohsdorf early on the 24th inst., having become unconscious from protracted pain and weakness. All his nearest relatives were present—indeed, the Comtesse, though ill herself, scarcely ever left her husband, and is now completely worn out—while the confessor at the last moment uttered the famous exhortation given to the dying Louis XVI., "Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel." Immediately after death, the chief Legitimists, and a few other persons, including the children of a school supported by the Comte, were allowed to see the deceased Count, who still lay in the Salon Gris; but the formal lying in State was deferred till Monday, after the embalming of the body. According to the Count's wish, however, there was little pomp visible. Crowds flocked to Frohsdorf, where the Count's blameless life had won great respect from the Austrians, and the whole body of the Orleans Princes came to pay the last respects to the Head of the French Royal House. The Comte de Paris and his eldest son, the Duc d'Orléans, were received at once by the Countess, and will be the chief mourners at the funeral, which takes place at Göritz on Monday, after a brief preliminary service at Frohsdorf. At Göritz the Count will be buried in the Monastery of Castagnavizza, where lie the remains of Charles X. and of the Comte's aunt, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI.

There can be no doubt that the Comte de Paris has a very unenviable part to play at the present juncture. The rôle of an active intriguing Pretender is altogether foreign to his convictions, yet he can hardly offend his followers by closely copying the example of the Comte de Chambord, while on the other hand any active move will almost certainly cause the expulsion of the Orleans family from the French territory. Again, though a considerable number of Legitimists will rally round their new head, many devoted partisans of Divine right and pure Monarchical principles will hold aloof, alarmed by the Comte de Paris's Liberal and enlightened opinions. Signs of this disunion are plainly seen in the Legitimist Press, as the *Univers* coolly ignores the Comte de Paris altogether, although the remaining Royalist journals, some unwillingly enough, have accepted him as Head. Nevertheless the Royalist party will now be more united than for many years past, and thus will be the more formidable enemy to the Republic, which has hitherto found safety in the multitude of Pretenders. At present, however, the Republicans are thoroughly strong, and their late successes in the Councils-General are all the more important as likely to influence the elections to the Senate next January.

With regard to Tonquin, the recent success before Hué has completely relieved the anxiety aroused by the previous reverses of the French Expedition, and although peace with Annam will by no means solve the Tonkin difficulty, one element of danger will thus be eliminated. While operations must be suspended temporarily at Hanoi, owing to the inundations, in Annam the French have captured the forts and batteries at the mouth of the Hué River, and, proclaiming an armistice, sent their Commissioner, M. Harmand, to the town itself to treat for peace. The action against Hué was warmly contested, but notwithstanding the needful grain of salt in the account of the insignificant French losses, the victory appears to have been won at small cost. Now the Annamite sovereign has signed the preliminary treaty of peace, agreeing to all the French terms, which demand the concession of the province Bin-Thuan; the confirmation of all appointments made by the French authorities; the occupation of the Hué forts and citadel by a French garrison; the assistance of the Annamite troops to expel the Black Flags; and the confirmation of the Protectorate established over Annam by the Treaty of 1874. These events are stated to have caused great excitement in China, whence come reports of a threatening attitude towards Europeans, while at home every effort is being made to send out speedy reinforcements. Another trouble, too, is happily ended, as in Madagascar Mr. Shaw has been released, the charge against him being found insufficient. The only other news from the island announces the death of the Queen, which seems to have produced no excitement.

In GERMANY the anti-French article in the *North German Gazette* has caused a great impression, though it is mainly set down as a move of Prince Bismarck to scare Parliament into voting additional war supplies. The Reichstag opened on Wednesday, and was very fairly attended, though members are decidedly indignant at being summoned from their holidays after such a long Session. The Imperial Speech expressly stated that Parliament has been convened to ratify the Commercial Treaty with Spain, owing to the complaints that the Government had acted unconstitutionally in deciding to give effect to the conditions of the Treaty before the agreement itself had received Parliamentary approval. Probably the Session will only last a week.

The prospect of Ministerial changes now occupies SPAIN, as Señor Sagasta and his colleagues disagree on various subjects, and the King is anxious to defer any crisis until his return from Corunna, where he goes with the Queen to inaugurate the new line across the Galician and Asturian mountains. Marshal Campos, the War Minister, finds himself unpopular, and another theme of disagreement is the proposed Royal visit to Germany, which the King is most desirous to carry out, and which is regarded of special importance considering the late aggressive attitude of French Republicans towards Spain. Relations with France, however, are considerably improved by the French Government promising to expel Señor Zorrilla if he re-enters the country, as he is now in Switzerland.

The strife between the various nationalities in AUSTRIA grows daily more serious. True, no fresh important collision has occurred between Croats and Hungarians at Agram, but the city is in a state of ferment, and the authorities are totally unable at present to restore the Hungarian arms to their original place. Moreover, similar manifestations against the Magyars have been made at Zagorien, where the peasants fought so hard that it was necessary to send a strong military force and to put the disturbed districts under martial law, while outbursts of the same spirit recur all over Croatia. The exaction of the Hungarian tax-gatherers, and a steady fermentation of the peasant discontent, are believed to be the main causes of the agitation, and the Government propose to frame fresh laws conciliating the two races. Even more serious, however, is the renewal of anti-Semitic disturbances. Sad tales of Christian hatred come from Kanisza, Egerszeg, and many other places in Western Hungary, where Jewish houses and property are wrecked, and the Jews themselves cruelly treated. At the height of the outbreak, Egerszeg, the trouble arose from a dispute between a Jew and a Christian peasant, resulting in the latter's arrest. Townspeople and peasants gathered to release the prisoners, and as only one small body of infantry was available the riots raged for three days. When the military arrived they had a serious conflict with the rioters, and

suffered severely, while for days the town was in a state of siege. Even now all trade is suspended. In many districts the Jews are flying in terror, but they are unwelcome in Germany, while they dread to enter RUSSIA, where their brethren daily meet with fresh hardships. Thus eight of the Jewish houses have been burnt at Berchadi, leaving the inhabitants destitute, and the authorities afford no help. At Ekaterinoslav, for example, over one-half of the rioters caught in the act during the late excesses have been freed unconditionally, and those detained will only receive light punishment—like the shop assistant who apparently caused the whole affair, and who has got off with a week's imprisonment. And now the Russian Government, bent on restricting Jewish trade, has revived an old decree forbidding Jews to keep distilleries or retail spirituous liquors.

Cholera continues to steadily decline in EGYPT. The elections are to be held within the next three weeks, and the Khédive shortly goes to Cairo, while the British troops are breaking up their scattered camps, and the officers are starting on leave. Still, the epidemic keeps hold on Alexandria, though the deaths there are diminishing, reaching twelve on Tuesday, and several villages are also seriously affected. Happily only occasional cases occur among the British troops. The trials of persons believed to be implicated in the Alexandria massacres have again begun. Seven of the accused have been acquitted through insufficient evidence, thirteen are to be hanged, and eight sent into penal servitude.

The controversy which for the last six months has so deeply agitated INDIA shows no sign of abating, and another crowded meeting opposing the Native Magistrature Bill has been held in Calcutta. All the chief non-official Europeans attended, and though the speeches were exceptionally moderate, and carefully avoided wounding native susceptibilities, the whole bent of the meeting was strongly antagonistic to the measure. Slight rain has relieved some of the threatened districts, although the general prospect is unsatisfactory.

Rebellion is again brewing in AFGHANISTAN, where the powerful tribe of the Ghilzais have risen against Abdurrahman. Headed by the fanatical old Mullah Mushk-i-Alum, who played a prominent part in the late war, and whose pious hatred of the Ameer as a *protégé* of the infidels will probably be enhanced by the circumstance of the British subsidy, the rising threatens grave trouble, for the Ghilzais occupy the country between Cabul and Candahar, and so may cut off Abdurrahman from his southern dominions. The Ameer, however, is said to have secured the support of one important Ghilzai chief by the common Oriental expedient of marrying his daughter.

AMONGST MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS much attention is directed in ITALY to the Pope's letter to the Cardinals directing researches to be made in the Vatican archives for proofs of the true history of the Papacy, and of the benefits the Holy See has conferred on the country, in order to confound all accusations to the contrary. The Ischia disaster cost 2,443 lives, and Casamicciola alone claims 1,992 victims, of whom 1,000 were visitors.—The King of ROMANIA has gone home from Vienna, where his visit is by no means regarded as so important as that of the King of SERVIA, whose alleged *rapprochement* with Austria as a counterpoise to Russian influence in MONTENEGRO is still warmly discussed. It has been specially noticed that the Servian representative showed studied neglect to Prince Nikita during his visit to TURKEY, where the Montenegrin ruler has been gorgeously entertained. Prince Nikita abandoned his intended visit to BULGARIA on his way home,—probably his fresh Russian relations prevented any show of cordiality towards a province which is just now manifesting decided anti-Muscovite tendencies. The Russian yoke is evidently beginning to chafe both Bulgarian Prince and Ministers, for the Council of State have officially complained of the overwhelming influence of Russian officials, and ask for a national Ministry.—In AUSTRALIA a conference will shortly be held in Melbourne advocating the annexation of New Guinea, and all the Colonies will be represented.—JAVA has been visited by a severe eruption from the volcano of Krakatau. Showers of ashes and stones have overwhelmed a large part of North Bantam; Serang and Batavia have been in total darkness, and tidal waves have swamped several towns and swept away villages, causing enormous loss of life, and temporarily stopping navigation through the Sunda Straits.—Fresh trouble is threatened by Cetewayo in SOUTH AFRICA, as the Zulu King is said to be gathering forces in the Inhanhla Bush, and to be very defiant. Natal is much alarmed, and troops are being sent towards the Reserve Territory. The Cape Parliament have repealed the Bill annexing Basutoland.

VOLUNTEERS AT ALDERSHOT

THE August week at Aldershot is the one occasion in the year when the Volunteers have an opportunity of seeing what soldiering really is. Hyde Park and Wimbledon drills are pleasant spells of exercise; Wimbledon Camp is a gay picnic for all except the shooting men; the Brighton Review is a promenade in uniform, followed by a sham fight thick with impossibilities. But at Aldershot the work is arduous, the discipline is severe, and the duties are precisely those of regular soldiers. Though, however, those duties are similar to those of the Regulars, in quantity they are considerably more, for no Regular officer would give his men such work as the Volunteers get during their one crowded and feverish week at Aldershot. Let us see what is the daily routine. At five the reveille sounds, and after that there must be no dallying with the blankets, for in half an hour the orderly sergeant will be round to see that the tent curtains are properly brailed up, and that the waterproof sheets and blankets are arranged in shapely heaps outside the tent doors. Before the last notes of the bugle have died away the Camp is astir. The tent doors open, and night-capped heads are pushed out. Chaffing salutations pass from tent to tent, and shortly dozens of men in all stages of undress—some in flannels, some in overcoats, some in pyjamas—are clustering round the coffee stalls on the fringe of the Camp, where certain privileged persons are allowed to retail coffee, cake, and other luxuries. At 6.30 there is a parade, and the time is none too long to clean the rifles, polish boots, and tidy the tents. The tent orderlies are paraded to fetch the bread and groceries for their respective tents. The early morning parade consists as a rule of company drill, captains exercising their men in whatever manner they think fit. When, as is usually the case, the companies practise the new attack, the men may have to skirmish, often at the double, over a couple of miles of country. They return with excellent appetites for breakfast. The only rations issued for this meal are coffee and bread; but each tent has its private mess and caterer, who obtains a daily supply of marmalade, bacon, tinned meats and fish, butter, &c., from the canteen. After breakfast, tent orderlies parade again to carry the meat and vegetables to the cooks. At 9.30 or 10 there is a battalion drill, lasting as a rule till 12 noon. At 1, dinner takes place; and at 2.30 or 3 another battalion drill lasting till 4. At 5 is tea, and then, unless they are on picquet, fatigue, or guard duty, the men are free until 10. On certain days the usual routine is varied by brigade or divisional field-days, occupying several hours. It will thus be seen that the Aldershot week is no light affair. It is real hard work from beginning to end, and the effect of this upon the men is very striking. On the last days of the week they drill with a steadiness and precision almost equal to that of the Regulars. Officers of the line who have never before handled Volunteers have been heard to express their amazement at the

steadiness of the drill. There can be little doubt that a few weeks of hard drill and life under canvas would convert the Volunteers into a force of soldiers certainly equal if not in many respects superior to any other troops in the world who have not been matured by actual war.

Our illustrations on page 216 deal with some of the incidents of Volunteer life at Aldershot. "Red versus Grey" depicts an episode of the Brigade field-day on August 16, under the Duke of Connaught. On this occasion the 3rd Provisional Volunteer Battalion, under Colonel Blake, 1st Herts R.V., fought against the Royal Irish Fusiliers (87th Regt.), who were supposed to be protecting the passage of a convoy over Norris Bridge. The Fusiliers succeeded in their object at the risk of complete annihilation at the hands of Colonel Nicholl's of the Rifle Brigade, who commanded the attack. It is only on very rare occasions that the Regulars and Volunteers thus come into direct opposition, and the result ought to be instructive to both. On the side of the Regulars there are the advantages of superior steadiness and stricter obedience; on the side of the Volunteers there is more intelligence in swiftly seizing all advantages of cover, and superior marksmanship.

Our centre illustration depicts one of the most important events during the recent Volunteer operations at Aldershot. The Central London Rangers (22nd Middlesex R.V.) under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Alt, have lately been equipped with two Nordenfeldt machine-guns, mounted on limber carriages, the invention of Colonel Alt himself. The guns fire the service Martini-Henry Boxer cartridge, are sighted up to 1,400 yards, but could be sighted up to 3,000 yards if necessary. Each gun is dragged by eight men, and the object is to bring into use machine guns with 5,000 rounds of ammunition, and bullet-proof shield protectors, which can be worked as easily by soldiers in battle as the same guns are worked by seamen and marines when forming landing parties. The mobility of the guns was very satisfactorily shown on the divisional field-day on the 24th of August, when these two guns were successfully taken over bridges, ditches, and embankments, and were kept not only at the head of the column, but in advance of the fighting line. In descending a hill at the double, one of the men dragging the gun fell, and one of the wheels bumped over his arm. He said he felt no weight, and was uninjured. The total weight of the gun and carriage, with 5,000 rounds of Martini-Henry ball-cartridge, is 9½ cwt. So successful was the fire of these guns at Aldershot, and so easily were they worked by the squads in charge of them, that Captain Armit, of the Central London Rangers, in his report to Lieutenant-Colonel Alt, suggests that every Volunteer Corps should be equipped with at least two Nordenfeldts, which would be invaluable in coast defence.

The last sketch explains itself. It represents some members of the popular Artists' Corps (20th Middlesex) having their early morning wash at one of the pumps in the neighbourhood of the Camp. Many old campaigners object to washing altogether when camping out. As a general rule it is unsafe to use cold water within two hours after prolonged exposure to the sun. This year the sun was particularly hot at Aldershot, and many of the men stationed on the elevated camp at Cove Common suffered badly from "sand-fever," sometimes called "Aldershot face." This unpleasant complaint seems to be a mild form of erysipelas—the combined effect of a hot sun, a high wind, and showers of Aldershot sand. It begins with redness and soreness of the skin, passes on to puffiness of the forehead and cheeks, and ends often in almost complete blindness. Only those stationed in elevated camps are thus attacked. Lead lotion is the accepted remedy, though fomentations of warm water are usually more efficacious.



THE QUEEN is now paying her annual autumn visit to the Highlands, where, besides the Princess Beatrice, the Princess Christian and her two sons and the baby Princess Alice of Albany have accompanied Her Majesty. The Royal party reached Balmoral on Saturday afternoon, after a journey of nearly nineteen hours direct from the Isle of Wight, having stopped at Perth for breakfast. On Monday, the anniversary of the Prince Consort's birthday was celebrated, when the young Princes of Schleswig-Holstein, and the gentlemen of the Royal Household with the servants and tenants, assembled at the obelisk and drank to the Prince's memory.

The Prince of Wales has spent this week at Baden-Baden. On returning to Homburg, the Prince will join the Duke and Duchess of Albany, who have arrived there from visiting the Crown Prince and Princess, at Potsdam.—The Princess of Wales and her daughters remain at Copenhagen, where the King and Queen of Greece and the Duchess of Cumberland arrived on Saturday, and the Czar and Czarina, with their children, came on Wednesday.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught also go to Germany shortly for a farewell visit, before leaving for India, the Duke intending to witness the manoeuvres. On Saturday morning the Duke inspected the Provisional Battalion of Rifle Volunteers, who have been doing duty at Aldershot, and made them a complimentary speech before leaving. In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess went to the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, near Bagshot, where they inspected the building, and the Duchess distributed the prizes after watching the sports in honour of "Commemoration Day," and having tea. The Duke and Duchess visited the Tower on Tuesday, the Duke, as the newly-appointed Colonel of the Scots Guards, inspecting the 2nd Battalion of the regiment, while the Duchess joined her husband and the officers at luncheon. On Wednesday a military tournament took place at their residence, Bagshot Park, in aid of the building fund of Bagshot Church, and the Duchess gave away the prizes.



THE PROGRAMME OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS, which is to be held at Reading on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th of next October, while naturally satisfactory to High Churchmen, has been somewhat sharply criticised by Broad Church organs, and unhesitatingly disapproved by the still powerful Evangelicals. Held in the Jubilee Year of the Tractarian movement—the first "Tract for the Times" having been published in 1833—it bears evidence of this not only in its Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition, but to some extent in the choice of readers and speakers, and in the selection of subjects for discussion. Neither Broad nor Low Church will be adequately represented, and one, at least, of the most important subjects, the report of the Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts, has been entrusted to four declared opponents of these tribunals, and reserved till the afternoon of the last day, when members will be eager to get away. In favour of the programme, it is generally admitted that all the papers deal with matters of present interest, not questions worn threadbare by reiterated discussions; and probably a slight revision of the arrangements—not even yet past hoping—would make it equally acceptable to all three sections.

THE ILLNESS of the Bishop of Peterborough has again taken an unfavourable turn. "The internal abscess," it is announced, "is a source of great anxiety. His Lordship obtains very little rest, and grows weaker."

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Welsh Congregational Union, representing 1,100 churches, with an aggregate of 100,000 members, terminated last week at Festiniog. The Dean of Bangor, who had been accused of saying that the curse of Wales was its Nonconformity, wrote to deny that he had ever given utterance to such a sentiment. He believed religious divisions to be evil, but he never laid the responsibility for them solely on the Nonconformists. The chapels had gained the Welsh people, and the Church had lost them. The President elect for the ensuing year is the Rev. W. Roberts of Liverpool.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL preached last Sunday to a crowded congregation in the Parish Church of Moulin, Perthshire. The service was conducted in the usual Presbyterian fashion, and no reference was made by the preacher, who wore his Bishop's walking dress, to the exceptional character of his position. At the close a collection was made on behalf of the Religious Tract Society.

LOUISE LATEAU, the *stigmatica* of Bois d'Haine, died last week at the age of thirty-three, having been born on January 30th, 1850. The *stigmata* first appeared in May, 1868, and the crown of thorns in the September following. Her alleged abstinence from all nourishment began on March 30th, 1871. The few who had an opportunity of investigating the case agreed in pronouncing it a gross imposture.



GLoucester Festival.—The 160th meeting of the "Three Choirs," held this year, as in due order, at Gloucester, begins on Tuesday. A glance at the official printed scheme, to certain points of which we have alluded, encourages a hope that those who attend the Festival will not go away disappointed. Just at present these time-honoured gatherings, which have so long been aids to charity, and, after their manner (a healthy manner) promoters of art, call for additional sympathy. They underwent a trying ordeal some years ago, when inconsiderate zeal, supposed to be religious, aimed a deadly blow at their future existence; and now they have to contend with another enemy, happily less formidable, in the disciples of the "advanced" school, who protest that the Festivals are not worth notice, inasmuch as they bring forward no "novelties." How unfounded is this charge may be seen by any one able to consult the programmes for many years past. Why novelties produced at Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, should merit less attention than novelties produced at Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, or even London, we fail to understand. In respect to the frequency with which the *Messiah* and *Elijah* are included in the schemes (another objection), it is almost superfluous to reply that the custom is likely to be adhered to so long as these special oratories preserve their attraction, which up to the present time shows no indication of waning. People, not only belonging to the three counties, but to the counties adjacent, come far and wide to hear them; and it must be borne in mind that such an advantage can only occur to the great majority of them once in a year—nay, to very many, once in three years. The general arrangements for the musical department on this occasion reflect credit upon Mr. C. L. Williams, organist of the Cathedral and conductor of the performances. Mr. Williams has engaged an orchestra, some seventy strong, with Mr. Carrodus as principal violin, and other professors of eminence at the head of each separate department. His leading vocal artists—Mdlle. Avigliana, Madame Patey, Misses Anna Williams, Mary Davies, and Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Boulcott Newth, F. King, Breerton, and Sautley—form a company of singers to which no amateur could reasonably take objection; while the chorus, drawn, not only from the three counties, but from Yorkshire, Wales, and other parts of England, may safely be relied upon. In considering the general scheme, detailed reference to the Choral Services to be held every morning and evening are not required. They will be in good keeping, and some of our best church-composers will receive due attention. At these Mr. Done, of Worcester, presides as organist. The oratorio appointed for the first day is *Elijah*. The programme for Wednesday morning is of a mixed character. The opening part is devoted to Dr. Stainer's *St. Mary Magdalene*, a sacred cantata, if we will, but a short oratorio, as oratories are now for the most constituted, all the same. The highly esteemed organist of St. Paul's has already declared his proficiency in this style, a noticeable example of which was *The Daughter of Jairus*, composed expressly for the Worcester Festival of 1878. His *St. Mary Magdalene* (which he also styles "a sacred cantata") is divided into three parts—"The Magdalene in the House of Simon," "The Magdalene by the Cross," and "The Magdalene at the Tomb." Dr. Stainer adopts the Early Church belief that the woman who anointed the feet of Jesus in the house of the Pharisee is identical with the St. Mary Magdalene who gives the title to his work. A hasty perusal of the music, which is now published in vocal score by the omnivorous firm of Novello, impresses us most favourably. The second part of Wednesday's selection comprises two interesting compositions in the old English school, viz., "Bow thine ear," by Bird (1560), and "Hosanna to the Son of David," by Orlando Gibbons (1604), and terminates with Beethoven's Mass in C, which, though his first, has by no means been put into shade by the Mass in D, his second, which, if his most elaborate and grand, is certainly not more religiously impressive, much less more divinely melodious than its early precursor. Wednesday evening's programme is also of a mixed character, including the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, which occupies the second part (more Mendelssohn, let our readers observe), preceded by another "sacred cantata," entitled *Sennacherib*, from the pen of Dr. G. B. Arnold, already known by his oratorio *Ahab*, and other compositions, sacred and secular. The words for *Sennacherib* are compiled from Scriptural text by the Rev. F. H. Arnold. This, too, is written expressly for the "non-novelty" Festivals. Let us hope it may embolden their staunch supporters to go on in the same direction. An "elegiac symphony," by Mr. C. V. Stanford—of which, knowing nothing, we can say nothing—forms an orchestral prelude to Thursday's performance. That Mr. Stanford will give us something sterling may be taken for granted. What, however, will doubtless be regarded by a large majority as the conspicuous feature of the day, is the *Redemption* of M. Gounod. The *Messiah* on Friday as a matter of course. But space warns us to be brief; and so we must dismiss the two evening concerts in the Shire Hall as excellent of their kind, offering opportunities to the leading singers for exhibiting their talents to the best advantage; and, as more substantial musical fare, presenting such regal feasts as Mozart's G minor symphony, Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis-Night*, the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, played by Mr. Carrodus, and the overtures to *Anacreon*, *Jessonda*, and *Prometheus*, in which Cherubini, Spohr, and Beethoven are brought before us in representative works. The special Nave Service, in the cathedral, on Friday, will, as it should be, exercise an influence apart from all the

rest. All, in fact, looks bright for the 160th assembly of the "Three Choirs."

WAIFS.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia contribute full scores of Bach's *Matthäuspassion* and Handel's *Israel*, handsomely bound in velvet, with ornaments in chased steel, as prizes at the forthcoming "Vocal Tournament" in Aix-la-Chapelle. Madame Minnie Hauk has given a Handel Medal for the same purpose.—The representations of *Bonvenuto Cellini*, at Leipsic, have been suddenly arrested, owing to the absence of the tenor, Schott, who had to fulfil a previous engagement at Berlin. Something always seems to fight against the continued success of an opera in which Berlioz himself took so much pride. It was only played four times; but surely Leipsic can find another tenor for the Florentine sculptor and chiseller.—The Royal Theatre, Dresden, has re-opened with *Fidelio*, Mdlle. Malten, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of Wagnerian singers, sustaining the part of Leonora. An artist who can personate Kundry and Fidelio with equal excellence must be more than usually gifted.—King Ludwig has created Herr Gross, business-manager of the "Festival Plays" at Bayreuth and guardian of Wagner's children, a Royal Bavarian Counsellor of Commerce.—Lisbon has set up a new musical and dramatic journal, entitled the *Mundo Artístico*.—Lecocq's latest opera, *Le Grain de Sable*, is first to be produced at the Galeries St. Hubert, Brussels, as was the case some years ago with his *Giroflé Giroflé*.—The death of a relative who perished in the sad catastrophe at Ischia has brought to Madame Lokstein, one of the *corps de ballet* at the Paris Grand Opera, the considerable legacy of 500,000 francs (20,000/).—More theatres destroyed by fire! News comes that the Winter Garden Theatre in San Francisco and the Summer Theatre at Ekaterino (Caucasus) have been burnt to the ground. Many casualties, including one death, are reported in the first instance.—It is agreeable to learn, on the other hand, that important structural changes, with a view to public safety, are being industriously carried out in the Teatro Real, Madrid.—M. Ambroise Thomas, thoroughly restored to health, is expected in a short time to resume his duties as Principal of the Paris Conservatoire.—A marble statue of Taglioni, the great *dansesuse et mime*, is at length placed in one of the corridors of the Grand Opera. This should have been done long since for the original Elena in Meyerbeer's *Robert*, and "creatress" of so many other parts.—It is not improbable, we learn, that His Majesty Kalakaua's native military band, which has recently given concerts in San Francisco, may visit Europe ere long. The band consists of forty performers.

A TRIP TO THE NORFOLK BROADS

SOME of our readers, who we hope were interested in our engravings and account of Norwich and Yarmouth last week, may find a few words about the Norfolk Broads and Rivers not unacceptable, especially as they are made *à propos* of a noteworthy visit made to a portion of them last week by a distinguished party connected with the Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington.

East Anglia being, like Devonshire, in a somewhat out-of-the-way portion of England, and *en route* for "nowhere," and not having, or being supposed not to have, the special attractions of the far-famed Western county, for many years seems to have escaped the cognizance of tourists; and its Broads for a long time were a *terra incognita* (if such un-aqueous expression may be applied to them) to the great majority of anglers, except those whose domicile happened to be in these Oriental parts. Within the last decade or so, however, the Waltonian community has so marvellously increased, and so necessary has it become for those members of it who dwell in large towns and cities to seek "fresh fields and pastures new" (another un-aqueous expression to be pardoned) far beyond their own immediate environs, that anglers in considerable numbers have made acquaintance with these great sheets of water. Still, these Broads are not as well-known as they deserve to be, and perhaps the visit to some of them by the distinguished party we have alluded to may tend to draw attention to some 5,000 acres of inland water in East Anglia which are admirably adapted for fish farms, and if properly preserved might afford recreation to thousands of the angling fraternity without materially diminishing the unexhaustible supply of fish they are capable of holding.

The party in question consisted of the Executive Committee of the Fisheries' Exhibition, the Colonial and Foreign Commissions, at least as many of them as were able to join it—and several gentlemen connected with the Press, who, scientifically and otherwise, have identified themselves more or less with fish and fishing. The conception of the trip originated in East Anglia among several gentlemen of Norfolk and Norwich, who took no mean share in the highly successful Fisheries Exhibition at the latter in 1881, which may fairly claim to be the parent of the present still more successful enterprise at South Kensington. A handsome fund was soon got together, among the contributors to which were Sir R. J. Buxton, M.P., Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P., J. Gurney, Esq., H. Bullard, Esq., I. O. H. Taylor, Esq., and the Mayor of Norwich; and the invitation was issued, and gladly accepted. Early on Thursday morning in last week Mr. Birkbeck, the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Fisheries' Exhibition, and Mr. W. Oldham Chambers, to whom the organisation of the trip had been entrusted, received their guests at Liverpool Street Station, whence a special train speedily conveyed the party to Wroxham, a little village some nine miles beyond Norwich, and the centre of one of the groups of the Norfolk Broads. Here the Mayor of Norwich and many Norfolk notabilities welcomed the party of some seventy or eighty, and conducted them to a marquee on the banks of the River Bure, where a substantial luncheon was provided. The country-side was *en fête*, bunting, flowers, and evergreens enlivening the scene, and the aborigines in ecstasies at the appearance of the Secretary of the Chinese Legation, one of the guests, in full native costume. Luncheon disposed of, a flotilla of steam launches, most of which has been most kindly lent for the occasion by East Anglian gentlemen, received the party in detachments, and a voyage of many hours was commenced. Wroxham Broad was soon made and circumnavigated by the steam fleet, and then Ranworth Broad, and many miles of the River Bure traversed, from which glimpses of other Broads were obtained, and a good idea of this lagoon district impressed on the visitors. St. Benet's Abbey ruins, near the influx of the Ant, which drains the famous Barton Broad to the north, was the furthest point reached, and thence the signal was made homewards for Wroxham. Here, again, "refreshment after work," as the Masons say, and a grand dinner in the marquee aforesaid.

Perhaps, on some future occasion, we may venture to put before our readers some sketches of these interesting localities; and we only regret that a limited space prevents us now entering fully on their unique beauties, which are deserving of far greater consideration than they have yet received. These Broads, or lagoons, or inland lakes of Norfolk, with a small portion of North-Eastern Suffolk near Lowestoft included, number some forty to fifty separate pieces of water, great and small, varying from 500 to two or three acres in extent, and they are connected or drained by the three principal rivers of East Anglia, the Bure, the Yare, and the Waveney, which eventually find their way, by circuitous routes, into Breydon Water, which forms a joint estuary for them for many miles to the west of Yarmouth.

The whole scenery of these Broads, and of the rivers which join and drain them, is unique, as there are no districts in the United Kingdom of a really similar character. You must go to some localities in Holland if you wish to make comparisons, and these will be found to be in favour of the Broads districts of East Anglia. In and about these there is ample scope for the artist's pencil, which

will find fresh scenes at every turn, and subjects innumerable which the critic will not be able to snub as hackneyed. The naturalist will find a happy and almost inexhaustible hunting ground, as the fauna and flora of the rivers and Broads are more varied and abundant than in perhaps any part of the British Isles; and the geologist need never be at a loss for a field of investigation. The yachtsman, too, using the craft of the country, has an infinite variety of trips in these Norfolk waters, and there is many a dodge he may learn from the almost amphibious aborigines who navigate them; while there are opportunities for "camping out" in them by the use of "house-boats," designed for the purpose or extemporised, which afford the means of making a novel and very pleasant holiday. In the season, too, the wild-fowler gets capital sport in these East English districts.

But to return for a moment to the anglers. They must not suppose that all these Broads are free fishing, as several of them are "strictly private." Still in most cases permission can be got to fish them if asked for courteously as a matter of privilege, and not treated as a matter of course. For a long succession of years the Norfolk Broads were shamefully poached in every conceivable manner, and all kinds of "foul" fishing followed with impunity. But during the last few years things have mended. General and local legislation have intervened, and the stock of fish is immense. In one sense this stock, like that of fish in the sea, is almost inexhaustible, and it is impossible to imagine waters better adapted for "coarse" fish, and, indeed, for several species of a better class which may eventually be acclimated in them. It might be worth the while of some London Angling Clubs, who feel the dearth of well-stocked water in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis, to endeavour to make arrangements for securing certain defined privileges on some of these East Anglian waters. But even as matters now stand there is plenty of excellent fishing to be got there among the jack, perch, roach, rudd, and bream. Particulars of such fishing and much interesting information in reference to the Broads may be obtained from an admirable handbook, with map, published at the office of the *Norwich Argus*, which, of all provincial contemporaries, devotes the greatest space to "Fish and Fishing" in all their departments.

J. J. M.



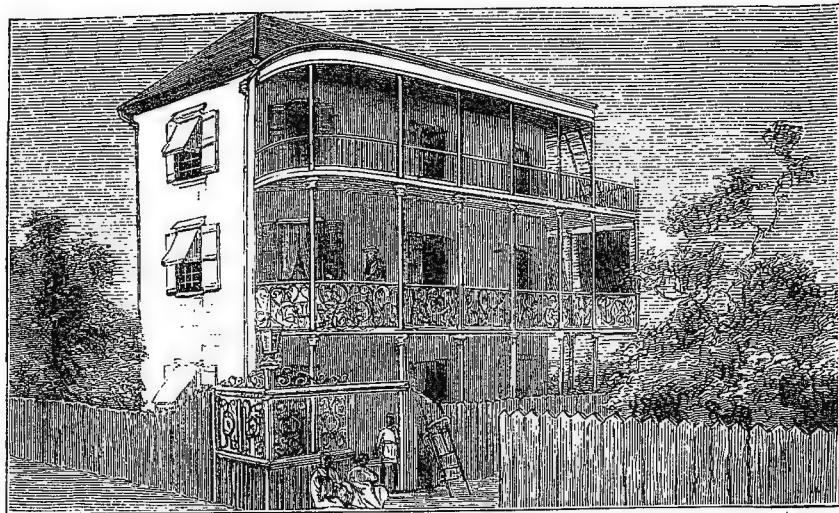
THE HARVEST has made great progress since a week ago, and within the month of August a good three-quarters of the English grain crops should have been secured. There will be plenty of stubble for the 1st of September in all counties south of the Humber, and already around the farms of the Southern and Eastern counties are rising a goodly number of new corn stacks, wheat, barley, oats, and here and there a stack of rye. Numerous wheat samples of the new crop are now to be met with at all the larger markets, and these are offered at moderate prices: at Norwich, 43s. per quarter; at Guildford, thirteen guineas per load; at Ashford, 49s. per quarter was obtained for some excellent white wheat; and prices generally have ranged from 42s. to 46s. for new red, and from 46s. to 50s. for white.

NORFOLK AND LINCOLNSHIRE, our premier grain counties, have cut and carried about 75 per cent. of their cereal crops. In Norfolk, the harvest is almost over; in Lincolnshire, it is more than half through. The yield is expected to range from 28 to 30 bushels, the average in these counties being as high as from 31 to 33. The quality of the grain is good, the condition in which it has been secured satisfactory. Barley is a heavy crop in many districts, the general impression being that in this part of England it will exceed an average. There is expected to be a good proportion of grain of good bright colour, and the weather, since August began, has been all in favour of good quality. We anticipate, however, considerable variety in this respect, and it must not be forgotten that a large area of barley was laid by wind and rain during the last fortnight in July. Oats have done very well this year in Eastern England and elsewhere. A crop of good average quantity is generally reckoned upon. The peas are good, and beans are not only rich in pod, but the stalk growth is exceptionally fine. No disease has got among the potatoes, which look like a very large yield. Turnips, mangolds, and the kitchen garden, with its cabbages, lettuces, and vegetable marrows, are doing moderately well, though rain would be welcome. The grass, however, has rather gone off, and both wells and streams are low.

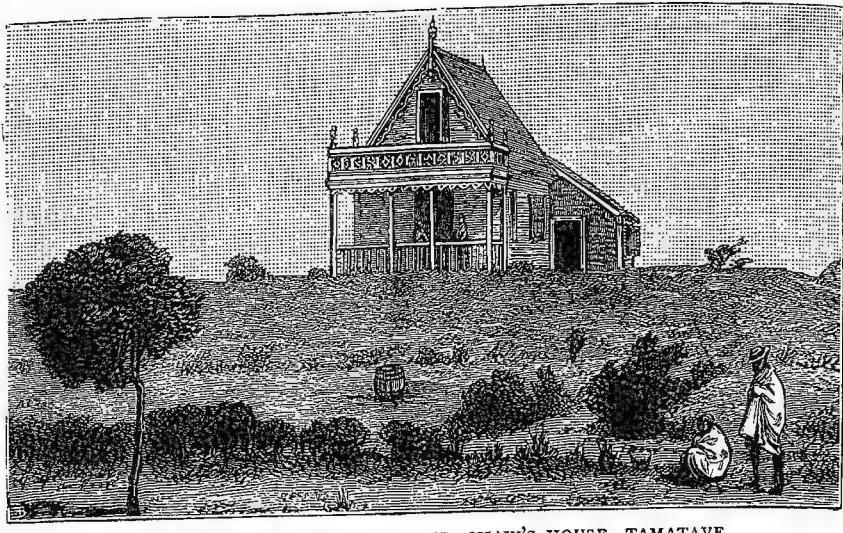
AGRICULTURAL ESTIMATES seem now the order of the day. By three technical journals something like 1,300 returns have been collected, and the cereal crops of 1883 appraised as follows. Wheat is given at 11 7/8 per cent. over average, 25 1/2 per cent. average, and 63 3/4 per cent. under average in the *Farmer*. The *Mark Lane Express* receives less favourable returns, 9 1/2 per cent. only are over average, 24 7/8 per cent. average. As much as 68 2/3 per cent. is under average. The latest returns, those of the *Agricultural Gazette*, are about midway between the two other authorities. These give us 8 8/9 per cent. over average, 30 8/9 per cent. average, and 60 4/9 per cent. under average. As regards barley, the first authority is less hopeful than the third, though more so than the second. The returns are, *Farmer* 38 2/9 per cent. over average, 42 1/9 per cent. average, 19 7/9 per cent. under average. *Mark Lane Express*, 34 5/9 per cent. over average, 29 4/9 per cent. average, 26 1/9 per cent. under average. *Agricultural Gazette*, 35 2/9 per cent. over average, 54 5/9 per cent. average, and only 10 3/9 per cent. short of a full yield. On the subject of oats the returns are practically at one. For the second year in succession there is a good crop, rather over an average in yield.

CATTLE.—Although a fresh outbreak of infectious disease has been stamped out at Bristol, and although the authorities have been more vigilant than ever since the passing of Mr. Chaplin's motion, still the one great danger to which the stock-keeper is exposed continues to prevail. In Northamptonshire it is still very general, and a relaxation of certain market restrictions in Lincolnshire has unfortunately been followed by a fresh outbreak of disease in more than one district of that agricultural county. Store stock keep very dear, so that deplastered farms are but slowly restocked, and the would-be buyer visits perhaps half-a-dozen markets before he gets animals at any rate likely to allow of profit on keeping and fattening them. Cattle-breeders and flock-masters wax and grow fat, and there is no serious likelihood of prices falling this autumn, unless indeed the dry weather of August should continue to prevail throughout September, in which case buyers in October would be likely to do better than they now can succeed in doing.

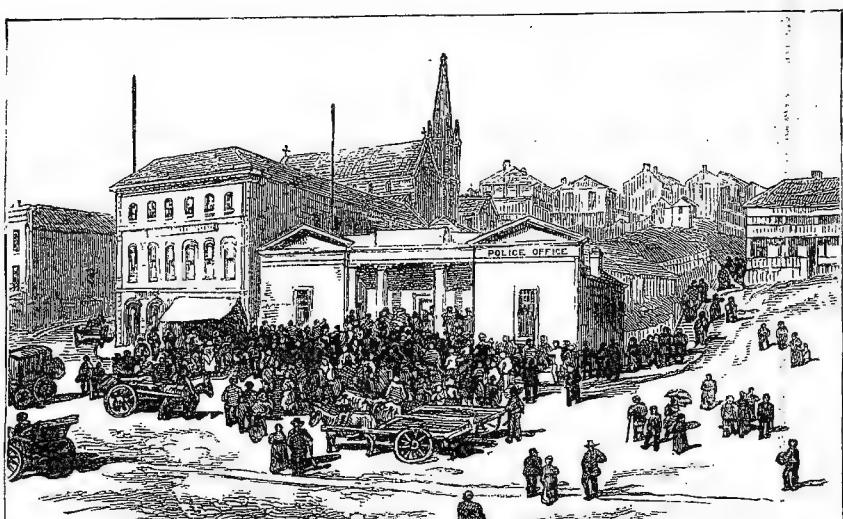
AUTUMN CULTIVATION (says a well-known agricultural writer) has proved a great advantage to farmers, not only in preventing the growth of weeds in the stubble, but in enabling less useless vegetables to be propagated during the winter. Those who are wise will endeavour to break up their stubbles as soon as the corn is off, and then sow the land in rye, winter barley, vetches, or trifolium, which will produce a forest of rootlets calculated to take up the nitrates in the soil quite as effectually as weeds do. Where no autumn cultivation is resorted to there is considerable loss of fertility by the nitrates being washed out of the soil by the rains, and carried off in drainage waters.



THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR—MR.AITKEN'S HOUSE, TAMATAVE
Where Many of the Natives took Refuge during the Bombardment



THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR—MR. SHAW'S HOUSE, TAMATAVE
Which has been Looted since the Bombardment



THE ASSASSINATION OF JAMES CAREY—SCENE OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION,
PORT ELIZABETH



THE ASSASSINATION OF JAMES CAREY—PATRICK O'DONNELL BEING CONVEYED
FROM PRISON TO THE COURT-HOUSE, PORT ELIZABETH



1. A Single Fold of the Manuscript, Two-Thirds of the Original Size.—2. One of the Strips of Leather on which the Manuscript is Written (AAA are the Joins).—3. The Wady, near Aroar, Palestine, Where it is Alleged the Manuscript Was Found.—4. Various Specimens of Ancient Writing.—5. Ancient Dolmen (Relic of the "Giants" Mentioned in the Manuscript) in Jabbok Valley.

THE LATE COMTE DE CHAMBORD

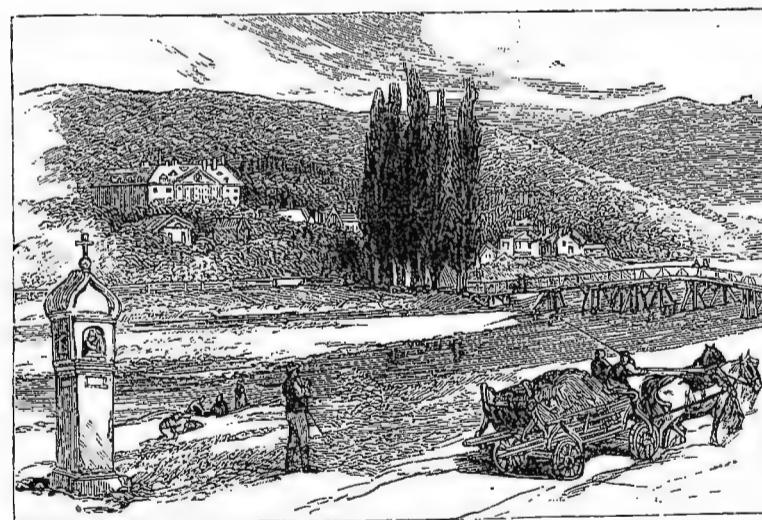
HENRI CHARLES FERDINAND MARIE DIEU-DONNÉ D'ARTOIS, Duke of Bordeaux, head of the elder branch of the Bourbons, was born in Paris, September 29, 1820, was the son of Prince Charles Ferdinand d'Artois, Duc de Berri, who was assassinated in March, 1820, and of the Princess of the Two Sicilies, the famous Duchess of Berri. He was baptised with great pomp with water brought from the Jordan by Châteaubriand. "The Child of Miracle," as he was called, received the title of Comte de Chambord from the castle of that name, which was bought for him by public subscription. Although Charles X., soon after the outbreak of the Revolution of 1830, resolved to abdicate in his favour, and in the presence of the troops assembled at Rambouillet made a proclamation under the title of Henry V., the Duke of Bordeaux was compelled to quit the country. Having spent some time at Holyrood, he travelled in Germany, Lombardy, Rome, and Naples, to complete his education. In 1843 he resided in Belgrave Square, where he made a kind of political *début*, claiming the crown of France, and receiving with all the etiquette of a Court such Legitimists as Châteaubriand, De Fitz-James, and Berryer. In 1853 a compact is said to have been concluded between the Comte de Chambord and the Princes of the House of Orleans, by which the claims of the elder and younger branches of the House of Bourbon were arranged; but no attempt was then made to carry out the arrangement by putting forward a candidate for the throne supported by both parties. In 1846 the Comte married the Princess Maria Theresa, eldest daughter of the Duke of Modena. They had no children, and the late Count was the last of the elder branch of the Bourbons.

After the disaster of Sedan, and the consequent fall of the Empire, the Comte de Chambord addressed, from the Swiss frontier, under date October 9, 1870, a proclamation to France, in which he promised that the foreigner should be expelled from the country, and the integrity of its territory maintained, if the people would rally round him "to the true national govern-

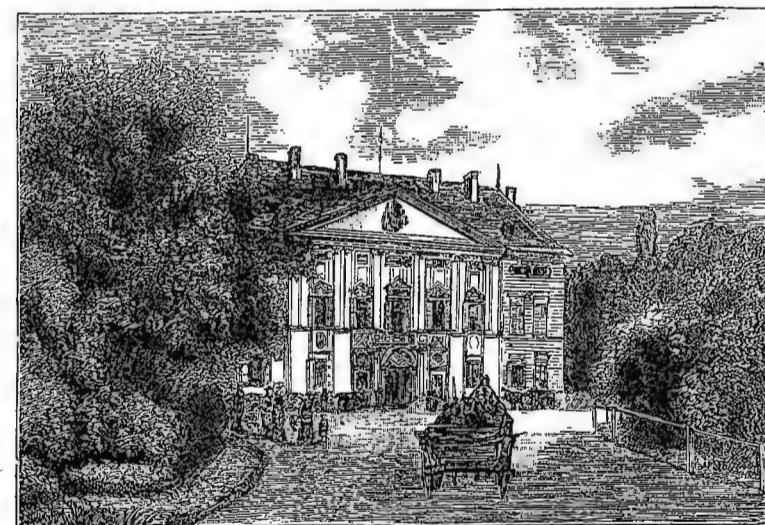
ment, having right as its foundation and honesty as its principle." On January 7, 1871, another proclamation, containing a protest against the bombardment of Paris, was addressed by him to all the Governments of Europe. After the Communist insurrection, the meeting of the National Assembly at Versailles, and the excitement produced by the speeches of the members of the Extreme Right, the Count issued, on the 8th of May, a manifesto by which he endeavoured to dispel the popular prejudices against the "traditional monarchy," declaring that so far from claiming unlimited power, his only wish was to labour for the re-organisation of the country, and "at the head of all the House of France to preside over her destinies, while submitting with confidence the acts of the Government to the *bona fide* control of representatives freely elected." He admitted besides that "the independence of the Holy See was dear to him, and that he was resolved to obtain for it efficacious guarantees;" and added "that he was not a party, and that he did not wish to return in order to reign with a party;" also that he did not "desire to exercise any dictatorship but that of clemency, because in his hands, and in his hands only, clemency was also justice." This manifesto ended with the celebrated phrase, "The word rests with France; the time with God." In another proclamation, dated from Chambord, July 5, 1871, he assumed, for the first time in a public document, the title of King. The repeal of the laws of exile having permitted the Chief of the House of Bourbon to return to France, the Count visited Paris, and stayed for some time at Chambord, where many supporters of the Legitimist cause waited upon him. Great expectations were now entertained of a fusion between the Legitimists and the Orleanists, but these were rudely dispelled by another manifesto, in which the Count de Chambord, while admitting universal suffrage and constitutional government with the two Chambers, denied the legitimacy of the conquests of the Revolution, which he termed "a revolt of a minority contrary to the wishes of the country." Above all, he refused to "allow the standard of Henry IV., of Francis I., and of Joan of Arc, to be snatched from his hands;" and in conclusion he said, "Frenchmen! Henry V.



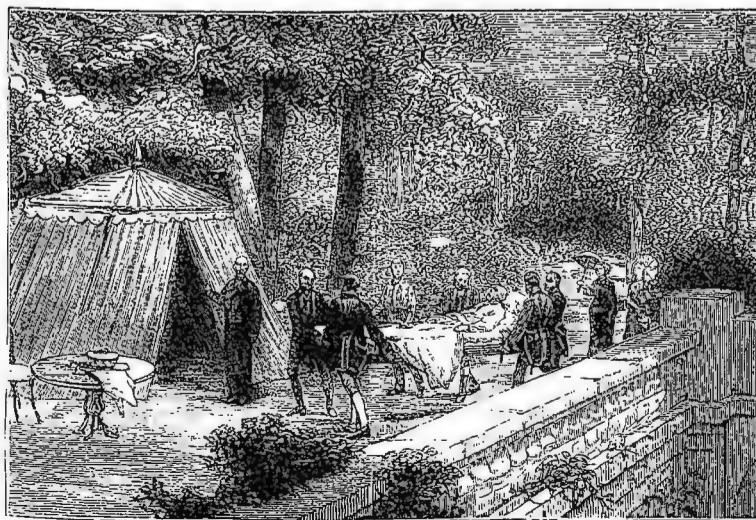
HENRY CHARLES FERDINAND, COMTE DE CHAMBORD
BORN SEPTEMBER 20, 1820; DIED AUGUST 24, 1883



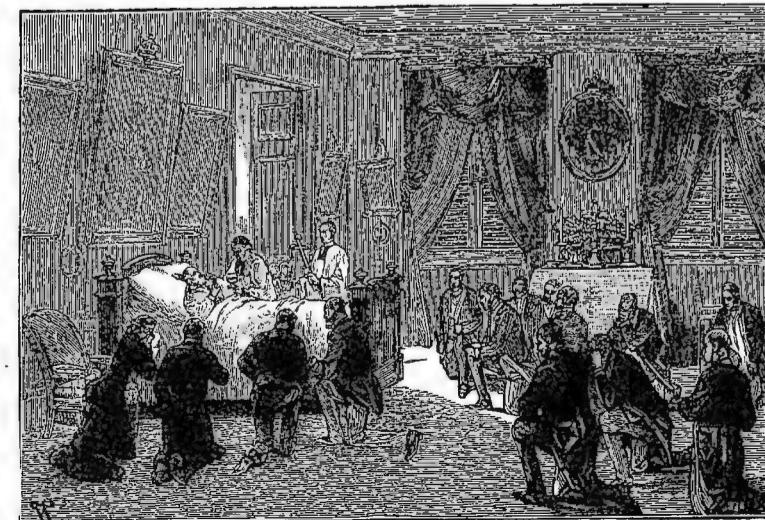
GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHÂTEAU AND VILLAGE OF FROHS DORF FROM THE RIVER LEITHA



THE CHÂTEAU OF FROHS DORF, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE COMTE DE CHAMBORD



THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD IN THE GARDEN DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF HIS ILLNESS



THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD RECEIVING THE LAST SACRAMENT IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS HOUSEHOLD IN THE SALLE GRIS

cannot abandon the White Flag of Henry IV." At the same time he announced his intention of voluntarily withdrawing into exile in order not to give, by his presence in France, new pretexts for the agitation of men's minds. Accordingly he went to Geneva, and from thence to Lucerne.

In January, 1872, the rumour of a fusion between the two branches of the Royal Family was again revived. Journals supposed to be well informed even went so far as to speak of the Comte de Paris as "the Dauphin," and hinted that Henry V. would abdicate after reigning a short time; but the Comte de Chambord formally contradicted all such reports by a letter (January 5, 1872), in which he re-affirmed his fidelity to his principles, and stated his determination never to abdicate or become "the Legitimist King of the Revolution." In the following month a document, the text of which was kept secret, but which was, in fact, a programme of a Constitutional Government, was signed by 280 Deputies, and presented to the Count at Antwerp, whither he had repaired to receive the homage of his subjects and the communications of his friends; but the Liberals in the Belgian Chamber complained of the Count's presence in the country, and he in consequence soon afterwards retired to Frohsdorf. However, the fusion of the two branches of the family, so long delayed, was at last accomplished on August 5, 1873, when the Comte de Paris had an interview with the Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf, and acknowledged him as the Head of the Royal House of France. In that and the succeeding month the belief that the restoration of Henry V. to the throne of his ancestors was at hand spread all over France. The Comte de Chambord received at Frohsdorf, October 12, a deputation from the Right Party in the National Assembly, and the different sections of that party held meetings to consider the means of re-establishing the monarchy. But, to the chagrin of his friends, the Count addressed to the Comte de Chambord, who had been the medium of communication between him and his adherents, a letter in which he expressed opinions so reactionary in their character as to render his restoration impracticable. In this letter, dated Salzburg, October 27, he declined to submit to any conditions or to give any guarantees, and he concluded as follows:—"My personality is nothing; my principle is everything. France will see the end of her trials when she is willing to understand this. I am a necessary pilot—the only one capable of guiding the ship to port, because I have for that a mission of authority. France cannot perish, for Christ still loves His Franks; and when God has resolved to save a people, He takes care that the Sceptre of Justice is only put into hands strong enough to hold it." Such is a brief *résumé*—for the main part of which we are indebted to "Men of the Time"—of the Count's political career, for with this letter, and his declaration that he could not desert the flag of his forefathers—the "White Flag," the "standard of Arques and Ivry"—vanished all the hopes of his adherents ever to see Henri Cing mount the throne. Though the Count subsequently issued other manifestoes to France, little political value was attached to them, and he continued to lead a quiet unobtrusive life at Frohsdorf, spending much of his large income in charity, and earning the love and respect of all surrounding him. In private life the Count appears to have been exceedingly agreeable and chatty, and fond to an extreme of talking of France and of Parisian doings. He died at half-past seven on the morning of the 24th ult., after having suffered many weeks of most intense agony. Of the political result of the Count's death and the arrangements for his funeral we treat in another column.—Our portrait is from a photograph by E. Flamant, 51, Boulevard Montmartre.



THE TURF.—The victory of the Duke of Hamilton's Ossian in the Great Yorkshire Stakes last week was in keeping with the traditions of a race which during the last fifteen years or so has been most fruitful in surprises. In a field of only six, both Chislehurst, who was made favourite, and Ladislas were preferred to him. His position in the St. Leger market does not seem very strong, and it is by no means unlikely that if both come to the post Chislehurst will be at shorter odds than his recent conqueror when the flag falls for the great Northern race. It must not be forgotten that in the race at York Chislehurst twisted one of his plates, a *contretemps* sufficient in most cases to account for a neck defeat. Nor again is it to be forgotten that in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot Galliard gave him 12 lbs. and won in a canter—which hardly looks like Leger form. Speaking of the Leger, it may be noted that the price has shortened against the first favourite, Highland Chief, to a little more than 2 to 1, and if all goes well with him, his second in the Derby and other performances seem to make the race a gift for him, especially when the weakness of the field is considered. Royal Angus is second favourite at about 6 to 1, and the Prince is the most fancied of the remainder. Lord Falmouth's Grandmaster, who is said to be an improving horse, has come from an extreme outside price at 33 to 1.—The death is announced of Mr. W. Gilbert at Newmarket. He was for many years trainer to the late Mr. Henry Savile, at the Nunnery establishment.—The famous jockey, Fordham, has been of late very unwell, and unable to ride, but is now reported as better.—There has been racing this week at Huntingdon, Warwick, Carlisle (Burgh Barony), and Derby, but it does not call for much notice. At the Warwick meeting, Linnaeus, who goes on winning, took the Leamington Plate, and Mespitus scored in both the Kenilworth and County Welter Plates, while Her Majesty's Plate fell to the uncertain Garetti. The Ramsay Abbey Plate for two-year-olds was won by Eira for Mr. L. de Rothschild, who on the same day won the Kimbolton Welter with Fetterless, who has of late been showing improved form. The Huntingdonshire Stakes were won by King Christmas, an aptly named son of Kingcraft and Merry Bells, who was one of the outsiders in a field of eight.

CRICKET.—As the season approaches its close, cricket seems to become more lively, and again some big scoring is to be put on record. Gloucestershire has at last met with some success, having played a drawn game with Notts, and beaten Lancashire by six wickets. In the former match, for Notts Barnes scored 86, Shrewsbury 57, Flowers 73, Gunn 46 and 77, and Selby 100. For the second innings Notts put on 332 with the loss of six wickets. For Gloucestershire Mr. Page marked 93. In the match against Lancashire Mr. W. G. Grace scored his first "century" for the season, his figures being 112, and Mr. Cranston 127. The largest Lancashire score was Robinson's 90.—But Lancashire has had to put up with another defeat at the hands of Surrey, and thus has lost all chance of heading the inter-county cricket this season. The match was at the Oval, where the Surrey men have not lost a match this year. The big scores for Lancashire were Barlow's 88 and Taylor's 83, and for Surrey Roller's 55 (not out), and Key's 60 (not out). The bowling of Crossland for the Northern county at times caused a very hostile demonstration on the part of the spectators.—But Surrey could not manage to do more than play a drawn match with Kent this week at the Oval, the Rev. R. T. Thornton and Mr. W. H. Patterson sticking on till time was called.—The Yorkshire and Middlesex match at Huddersfield ended in a tolerably even draw,

Yorkshire having six wickets to fall and 114 runs to get to win. Among many good scores for the Metropolitan county were Mr. T. I. D. Walker's 76, the Hon. A. Lyttelton's 52 and 68, and Mr. T. G. Crearore's 44; and for Yorkshire Lumb's 70 (not out), and Ulyett's 65.

BICYCLING.—Wood of Leicester and Keen have met on the Crystal Palace track for a twenty miles' race, which resulted in favour of the former by about three yards, his time being 1 hour 5 min. 31 sec. Wood has also beaten Hammonds of Northampton, after giving him a lap and a half start, at the Melbourne Gardens, Northampton, in a ten miles' race. He did the distance in 30 min. 38 sec.—The Twenty Miles Professional Championship has been won by Wood, who did the distance in 59 min. 41 2-5 sec.—In the race for the Fifty Miles Amateur Championship of the Surrey Bicycle Club records were again "cut," Mr. H. F. Wilson beating the best amateur times from the twenty-sixth to the thirty-eighth mile inclusive. He did twenty-six miles in 1 hour 22 min. 6 sec., and thirty-eight miles in 2 hours 3 min. and 27 1/2 sec.

SWIMMING.—The Challenge Cup for the 440 Yards Handicap of the Serpentine Club has been won by C. Thomas, of that club, S. Prebble, of the St. James's S.C., being second.—There seems to be no lack of candidates for Niagara honours after the manner of Captain Webb. The last we hear of is Captain J. D. Rhodes, a celebrated swimmer of Salamanca. He, however, is announced to attempt the feat of swimming the Rapids in a suit of cork armour reaching from the armpits to the knees. Perhaps we shall hear of Captain Boyton to the fore.

SHOOTING.—Reports have come to hand that the grouse disease has shown itself more prevalent than was expected in many districts. It seems to have been so fatal on Lord Tollemache's moors at Entwistle and Woodhead that he has decided not to shoot over them this season.

FOOTBALL.—It seems quite out of season to talk of football in this hot weather; but enthusiasts up North, among whom are the famous Blackburn Rovers, have already commenced to hunt the leather. The season, too, has commenced inauspiciously, as a death from accident has already happened.—At the General Meeting of the Football Association a few days ago, Major Marinden was re-elected President, Mr. C. W. Alcock Secretary, and the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird Treasurer.



MR. EDOUIN and his American company at the ROYAL AVENUE Theatre have been more happy in their second than in their first venture. The "Musical Comedy," by Messrs. Charles Hoyt and G. L. Gordon, played here for the first time on Saturday evening, resembles, it is true, in some respects its predecessor, in which the antics of the photographer Binks and his visitors were set forth with so much empty bustle and meaningless buffoonery. It belongs, in brief, distinctly to the American school of riotous farce, and if we may hazard a guess, is the production of the first-named of the two collaborators—the share of Mr. Gordon, who is an English dramatist and actor, being confined to those revisions and retouchings of the dialogue which are supposed to be expedient when American pieces are to be presented to English audiences. Be this as it may, there is in the new piece, which bears the title of *A Bunch of Keys*, sometimes a great deal more talk than art, together with a considerable amount of extravagant action in which the method that ought not to be wholly missing, even in stage madness, is not always easy to be discovered. Nevertheless, the scene which the authors have imagined to take place in a large American hotel, under the temporary management of a designing executor and trustee, anxious to turn the eccentric injunctions of a crotchety testator to his own private advantage, comprises a fair amount of genuine fun of a wild and rollicking but harmless sort. Any way, *A Bunch of Keys* provides much laughter, and Mr. Edouin, who is an eccentric comedian of decidedly original powers, is unquestionably seen to more advantage as the official hotel keeper than as either the silly old gentleman or the impudent photographer of the preceding play. Mr. Powers and Miss Alice Atherton enjoy also, in their way, fairer opportunities, and avail themselves of them with considerable success. Altogether, *A Bunch of Keys* is worth seeing, if it were only by reason of the fact that it is a good specimen of a kind of piece much in favour on the other side of the Atlantic.

Miss Mary Anderson's first appearance at the LYCEUM Theatre this evening is looked forward to with considerable interest, this young actress having a great reputation in the United States for her beauty and grace. New scenery, said to be of a very picturesque character, has been provided for the revival of *Ingomar, the Barbarian*, in which piece she is to play a leading part.

It is publicly stated that the opening play at the LYCEUM on the return of Mr. Irving next year will be Mr. Wills's new version of *Faust*, in which Mr. Irving will play Mephistopheles, and Miss Ellen Terry Margaret.

The special performances to be given at the IMPERIAL Theatre on Saturday, September 15th, for the benefit of Mr. J. W. Curran, will include an entirely new comedy drama. Several popular performers have volunteered to take part in the entertainments.

The production of the posthumous comedietta by the late Mr. T. W. Robertson, announced to take place at TOOLE'S Theatre, on Monday evening, was postponed until Thursday. Its title is *A Row in the House*.

The CRITERION, with the extensive alterations required by the authorities in the interests of public safety, will re-open shortly with a version of *La Vie Parisienne*.

Mr. Herman Merivale has provided Miss Ada Cavendish with a new drama, entitled *Our Joan*, in which that actress will play the part of the heroine.



LORD COLERIDGE arrived in New York on Friday last, where he is the guest of Mr. Eliot F. Shepherd. The grand reception given by the New York Bar Association will take place on the 11th of October. His engagements in the United States are so numerous that he has decided not to visit Canada.

AN INTERIM INJUNCTION has been granted by Mr. Justice Pearson in the case of "Miley v. the Grand Junction Waterworks," to restrain the latter from cutting off the plaintiff's supply of water. The company, it was alleged, raised their rates in March, without any notice, from 9d. 9s. to 2d. 1s., under threat of discontinuing the supply. The injunction now granted will cover a number of similar cases of exaction.

NOTICE has been given under the new Bankruptcy Act to trustees and others having in their hands undistributed funds, to pay

the same to the "Bankrupt Estates Account" at the Bank of England, obtaining in the first place a receivable order from the Board of Trade. The Board, after payment, will give "a certificate of receipt of the money so paid, which shall be an effectual discharge in respect thereof."

A SOMEWHAT NOVEL POINT IN BANKRUPTCY LAW was decided last week adversely to the debtor by the Judge of the Liverpool County Court. The creditors, it appeared, had accepted in 1881 a composition of 2s. in the pound, and this composition had been duly paid, but the bankrupt had not applied for his discharge, thinking it probably unnecessary. Since then he had inherited some property, and the creditors now urge that he is still in the position of an undischarged bankrupt, and that the property belongs to the estate. Considering, however, that there was some doubt upon the point, the Judge gave the debtor liberty to appeal.

JAMES COLE, the Thornton Heath murderer, was again brought before the Croydon magistrates on Saturday, and committed to take his trial for wilful murder at the October Sessions of the Central Criminal Court. Some further evidence was given of his poverty and violent temper, and it was stated that he had been convicted fifteen times by the Croydon magistrates, four times for assaults upon his wife. The funeral of the murdered child took place the day before.—At Clerkenwell Police Court a butcher named Haycraft has also been committed for the wilful murder of his wife. The unfortunate woman appears to have been kicked to death. In Cheshire three English labourers have been sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour for an unprovoked assault upon an Irish harvestman named Flannery. The Irish, it was stated by one of the magistrates, had been driven by similar assaults out of the entire district.

MUCH interest was aroused this week among the gossips of Camberwell by the sudden demise of an old man, Henry Davis, popularly known as "the Miser of Peckham Grove," from his having lived there for nearly thirty years in almost complete seclusion, and who was found dead last Friday in a back room of his own residence amidst a number of papers and receipted lawyers' bills. At the inquest, death was shown to have been caused by congestion of the lungs, and, very cruelly, no information was vouchsafed to the inquisitive as to the nature of the law-suits in which Davis had been concerned, or the amount of property of which he died possessed.



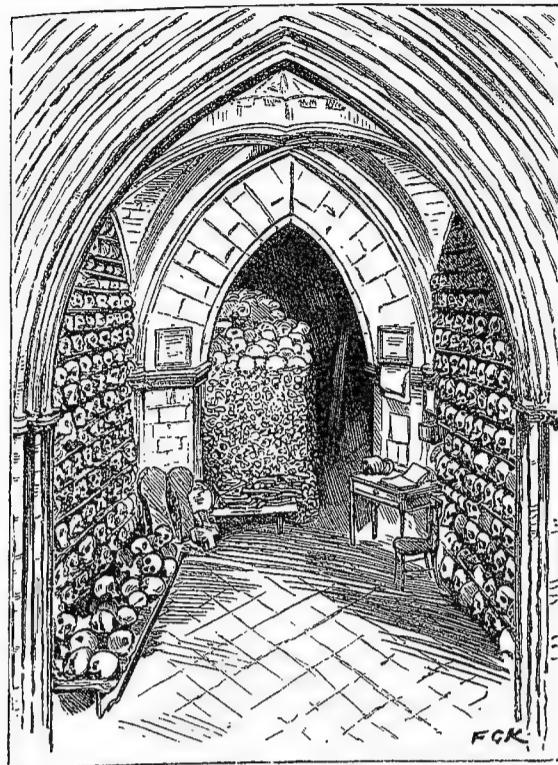
MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.—Again we welcome the appearance of a double number of "A Dictionary of Music and Musicians" (Parts XVII., XVIII.—Vol. III.). The present number goes from "Sketches" to "Summ Is Icumen In." A full and interesting explanation of the "Solfeggio," its meaning and use, is given by H. C. Deacon, which is followed by "Solmisation," the art of illustrating the construction of the musical scale; a very learned article by W. S. Rockstro on a subject which is little understood by the general public. The most elaborate article in this number, full of information, the result of much careful study, is "Sonata," by C. H. H. Parry, Mus. Doc., which occupies sixty-two columns—not a word too much on this important subject. Ninety-six columns are devoted to "Song," by Mrs. Edmond Wodehouse, who treats her subject in a very exhaustive manner, classifying the songs of different nations under their respective heads. "Spinet," here we have a well-written and comprehensive account of this instrument by A. J. Hopkins. "Spohr" could not have been entrusted to better hands than Paul David, who is one of the great composer's enthusiastic admirers. Louis Spohr was a musician from his early childhood. When but four years old he sang duets with his mother; at five he began to learn the violin, and at six was able to take the violin part in Kalkbrenner's trios. At fourteen he undertook his first artistic tour, and already had made fair progress as a composer. Through a long life he worked almost to the end, and composed no less than 200 works. Louis Spohr was born at Brunswick, April 25th, 1784, and died at Cassel, October 16th, 1859. This is one of the most entertaining notices in this part. Dr. Philip Spitta contributes a long and admirably-written notice of Spontini. W. G. Cusins does equally well by Steffani, and the Rev. J. H. Mee by Steibelt. To violinists, the account of Stradivarius, the celebrated violin-maker of Cremona, as given by E. J. Payne in a very graphic form, will be of great interest. Born in 1649, he died in 1737. In 1680, Stradivarius purchased the house No. 1, Piazza Roma, where, for half-a-century or so, he continued to carry on business, and where he built the innumerable instruments which bear his name and made it a household word. No improvements have been made since his time, and subsequent makers of the last century and a half have mostly copied him. The closing article, "Summ Is Icumen In," a rota or round of great antiquity, the original MS. of which is preserved in Vol. 978 of the Harleian Collection, in the British Museum, is a very learned discussion, which must be carefully read to be understood; it is from the able pen of W. S. Rockstro.

B. WILLIAMS.—There is always a charm about narrative songs of the domestic circle which is not wanting in "Patchwork," a tale of a grandmother, written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Odoardo Barri; it is published in F and in D.—Four piano-forte pieces of moderate difficulty, composed in W. Smallwood's happiest vein, are respectively "Tranquil Moments," a very appropriately named "morceau de salon," prettiest of the group; "Pansy Bloom," a spirited mazurka; "Gentle Dew"; and "Lunelville," a minuet.—Three pleasing specimens of dance music are "Distant Lands," a flowing arrangement by Oscar Seydel, in the form of a valse, of W. M. Hutchinson's popular song which bears that title; "Dawn of Day," a very pretty valse by P. Bucalossi; and "Mignon Polka," by H. Mahler, the frontispiece of which is as dainty as the music.—Very apropos for the coming autumn evenings when out-door amusements are very often finished up with an impromptu carpet dance, comes "B. Williams' Dance Album," which contains nine favourites of the season, by popular composers, in the compact form usually considered as a speciality of Christmastide.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—A bright little ballad of the domesticated school is "Patty," written and composed by J. Mayo. One phrase will prove a pitfall to all who are uncertain with their aspirates; it runs thus, "Patty has art for the wounded heart."—J. Wilson has given the sopranos a turn in a dainty love song, "Along the Stream," for which he has supplied the words and music.—Barry Cornwall's vigorous poem, "The Sea-King," has been set to appropriate music by Carlton T. Speer for a bass voice, and will take foremost rank in the ballad concerts of the coming season.—A piano-forte duet which will prove first favourite in the drawing-room is Batiste's celebrated "Andante in G," a very musically transcribed by Boyton Smith.—"Pavane in G," for the pianoforte, by J. Mayo, and "Bourrée," for the pianoforte, by E. Silas, are both of more than ordinary merit, and will repay the trouble of learning them by heart.—"Echoes from Albion" is a fantasia of the old-fashioned airs-with-variations school, which has happily almost disappeared from musical society; we are surprised to find so able a musician as J. Theodore Trekkell adopting this style.

THE BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION

THE Members of this Association held their annual Congress at Dover last week, under the Presidency of Earl Granville, K.G., Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The meeting was inaugurated on Monday, the 20th inst., by a luncheon given by the Mayor of Dover (R. Dickeson, Esq.). The proceedings of the week consisted of several tours to various parts of the county, in which objects of antiquarian interest were located, followed by evening meetings at the Dover Town Hall, where papers on archaeological and other



The Crypt of St. Leonard's Church, Hythe

subjects were read and discussed. The first visit was paid to St. Martin's Priory (now Dover College), which dates from the year 1130, and, considering its size and extent, and the character and magnificence of the structures, must have been one of the grandest of the religious houses in England. The Priory seems to have fallen into a state of dilapidation, and parts of it were removed and used for various purposes, so that out of nine structures, three only remain in preservation—the gateway, refectory, and guest-house. The refectory once served the purpose of a barn and storehouse, and the guest-house was similarly used, but eventually a company was formed whose object was to restore these buildings, which resulted in the conversion of the refectory into a recreation hall for the pupils of an adjoining school, and the guest-house into the College chapel. On Tuesday a visit was paid to Richborough Castle (the Rutupiae of the Romans), of which nothing but the exterior walls remain, which have defied the ravages of barbarians for fifteen centuries. The party then proceeded to Sandwich, an ancient Cinque Port, on which a special article appears in another column.

Walmer Castle was the next place visited, the party being received by the Countess Granville. The visitors were shown the

beautiful grounds adjoining the Castle, and the room where the victor of Waterloo breathed his last, in which were the only relics of him preserved at Walmer, a simple basin and ewer, and a copper hot-water vessel for his shaving water.

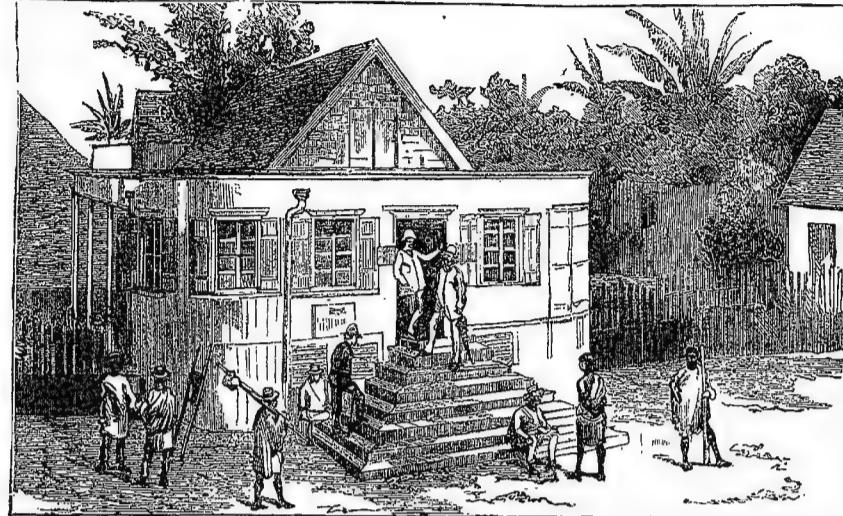
On Wednesday the ancient church of Lyminge was visited; then Westenhanger House, better known by its legendary historical associations as Fair Rosamond's Bower. The structure is said to have been built originally where at one time there existed a castle, erected by one of the Saxon Kings of Kent. It is said to have contained 126 apartments and 365 windows, and presented a very different exterior to that it now has, the deep, broad moat which surrounded it having partly disappeared, and only small vestiges of the high embattled walls remaining. The legend with regard to "Fair Rosamond" applies to one of the towers of the castle (that shown in our engraving), where, it is said, the beautiful mistress of Henry II. was concealed prior to her removal to Woodstock. Henry VIII. is said to have used the castle as a Royal residence.

A very interesting visit was next made to Lympne Church (built by Archbishop Lanfranc), and to the ruins of the old Castle which abuts on it. The latter stands on the summit of a prominent hill, and on the very edge of a steep declivity. The variation in the contour of its massive walls and tower presents a very imposing and picturesque appearance. Some of the rooms in it are inhabited, and are very lofty and commodious. The locality of Lympne was known to the Romans as the Portus Lemanus.

The parish church (St. Leonard's) of Hythe was next inspected, including the crypt, which contains a curious collection of human skulls and other bones, many hundreds of which are carefully arranged upon shelves. They are said to be the remains of the Saxons and Britons who were killed in battle, on that coast, in A.D. 456.

On Thursday and Friday the company visited Canterbury, when the Cathedral was examined and described, together with various churches there, the city walls on the Dane John, the remains of the Castle, and the picturesque West Gate. On Saturday, by the permission of General Newdegate, the party assembled at Dover Castle, and inspected it under official guidance. This and other visits to St. Mary's Church, Dover, the ancient Church and Roman Pharos, &c., concluded a series of interesting trips, rendered more enjoyable by the extremely brilliant and summer-like weather which continued throughout the week.

Arrangements were made for those of the party who were able to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded, for leaving Dover on Monday last, and proceeding to Calais to inspect the antiquities of the town, and afterwards to Amiens and Boulogne.



Proctor's Store, Tamatave

our compound and into our rooms; many were crying and clinging to others with fear." Another sketch shows the store of Proctor Brothers, one of the principal buildings in Tamatave.—Our engraving of Mr. Shaw's house is from a photograph by Boudou Frères, Madagascar.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased again last week, and the deaths numbered 1,356 against 1,437 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 81, and 153 below the average, while the death-rate fell to 17.9 per 1,000. There were 63 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 56), 53 from measles (a decline of 17, but 27 above the average), 49 from scarlet fever (a rise of 14), 27 from whooping cough (an increase of 1), 19 from diphtheria (a rise of 10), 16 from enteric fever (an increase of 7), 3 from ill-defined forms of fever, 2 from simple cholera, and 1 from smallpox (a fall of 1). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs decreased to 160, from 178, and were 4 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths, of which 53 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,450 births registered against 2,652 in the previous return, being 159 below the average. The mean temperature was 64 deg., and 2.8 deg. above the average.

TAMATAVE

THIS little town, which, as we have previously related, was occupied after a bombardment by the French on June 10, is one of the most thriving commercial centres on the coast of Madagascar. It contains several thousand inhabitants, and a number of British and American firms. The French Admiral appears to have carried matters with a very high hand, to have arrested numerous British residents, amongst whom was Mr. Aitken, of the firm Porter, Aitken, and Co., and Mr. Shaw, a well-known Missionary.

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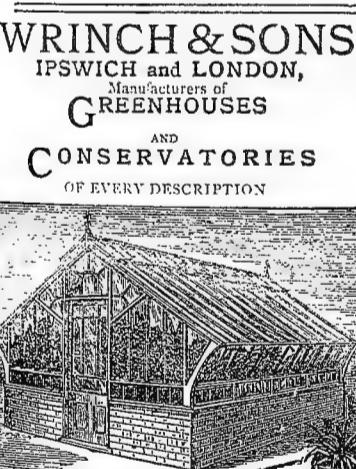
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The former was speedily released, but the latter was kept for some weeks in durance vile on board a French gun-vessel, not even being allowed to see his wife, who had come out from England in the Taymouth Castle to join him, and who was compelled to continue her journey in the steamer which brought her out. Ultimately, however, as we mention elsewhere, Mr. Shaw was released. Poor Mr. Shaw's case seems to have been somewhat hard. In a letter to Mr. Porter, a correspondent writes after the bombardment, "Most of the houses at the end of the town, including the Cottage (Mr. Shaw's residence) and Plattenburg were pillaged, it is supposed by bands of native marauders, and a great quantity of furniture and other property had been carried away. The 'Cottage' had just been finished, and looked so home-like, you would have been sorry indeed, as we were, to see the ruin these wretches had made. A few days before, Mr. Shaw had just furnished his bedroom, and is now awaiting his wife from home. Such is war." Messrs. Porter, Aitken, and Co.'s house, which forms the subject of one of our engravings, was the resort of crowds of natives who, another letter to Mr. Porter states, "came crowding into

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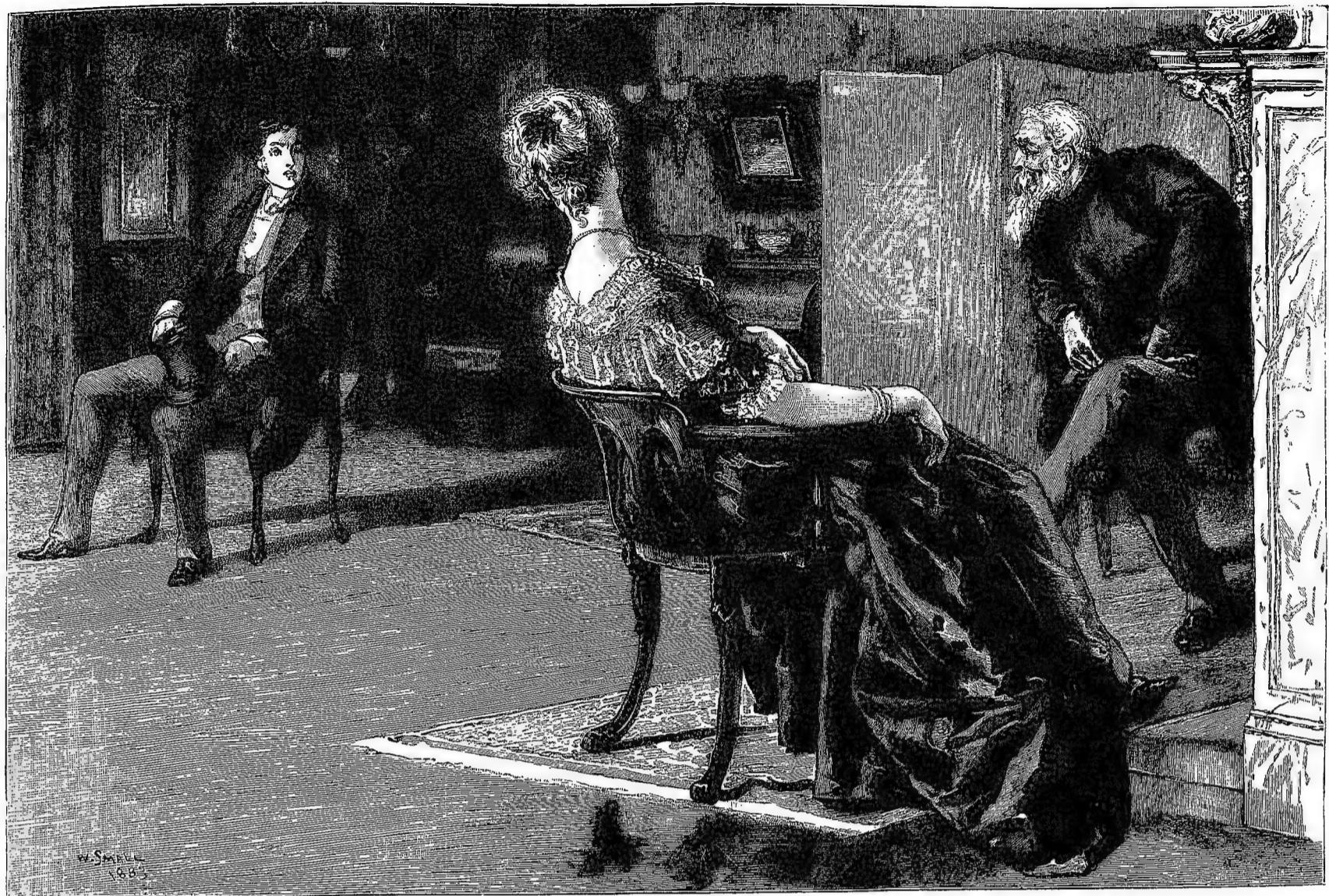
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Lady Constance looked me full in the face, and laughed, and then the stranger laughed too.

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CHAPTER XII.

GEORGE LOSES A PENNY

WHEN King Ferdinand II., by the grace of God and the will of nations more powerful than his own, ruled over the Two Sicilies, it used to be the custom of all well-to-do Neapolitans, as well as of the numerous strangers who dwelt within their gates, to drive up and down the Chiaja for a matter of three hours every afternoon. The Chiaja, as everybody knows, follows the curves of the most beautiful bay in the world, and is, or at all events was, as hot, dusty, and malodorous a strip of highway as ever poor slaves of fashion were condemned to frequent. The slaves of fashion, however, swallowed the dust and the bad smells without apparent inconvenience. From the open window beside which I was wont to pursue my studies I used to watch them, day after day, pounding along by the hour together; and upon the faces of most of them was discernible that smile of serene beatitude which testifies to the performance of a duty and a pleasure combined. Lady Constance Milner took her turn at the treadmill conscientiously with the others. At regular intervals, her carriage, with the swarthy Antonio on the box, passed beneath my post of observation: and I was not long in discovering that her last appearance invariably occurred between half-past four and a quarter to five o'clock; at which hour I concluded that she was in the habit of going home.

At five o'clock one evening, therefore, I took my way to the Hôtel Crocelle, and was gratified to hear from the hall-porter that Lady Constance had just returned from her drive. All the greater was my disappointment, on reaching the first floor, when Antonio, who was sitting on a chair in the passage, reading a newspaper, rose, and blandly informed me that her ladyship did not receive. Now, as the sound of several voices was distinctly audible through the door over which he was mounting guard, it was pretty clear that Antonio had not been instructed to make this reply to all applicants; still, since I had given no notice of my coming, I could not very well complain of the door being shut in my face, and I left my card, remarking that I should hope to be more fortunate on some future occasion. Three days later I accordingly presented myself again at the same hour, and was again met with the same discouraging announcement—"Her ladyship does not receive." This time, the buzz of conversation on the other side of the door being just as loud as before, I ventured to point out to Antonio that, whether her ladyship received or not, she was entertaining visitors at that moment; to which he replied, "Yes, sir," with an impassive countenance.

"Well," I said impatiently, "will she receive me if I call to-morrow?"
 "I cannot tell you, sir."
 "Can't you ask?"
 "Impossible, sir."
 I turned away and took myself off in deep disgust; and it is quite possible that Lady Constance would never have had

another opportunity of cultivating the writer's acquaintance, if George had not displayed such bad taste in exulting loudly over what he was pleased to call my rebuff. As he chose to take up that line, I said I would very soon show him that I was not so easily rebuffed. "I'll lay you ten to one in whatever you like that I am admitted into her drawing-room this very afternoon," I added.

George answered that he never betted, but that, for once in a way, he didn't mind taking a franc to a penny about it; and I set off, fully determined to attain my object. Antonio was ready for me with his usual formula; but I had a practical rejoinder to cut him short with. I held out a Napoleon, which he promptly grabbed and transferred to his pocket. "And now," said I, "you will be so good as to take my card to Lady Constance and say I am waiting."

The man looked doubtful. "Her ladyship is rather particularly engaged this afternoon, sir," he said.

"I don't care two straws about that. It isn't that I am specially anxious to see her," I explained, "but I have a wager upon it; and in fact, if you don't deliver my message, I shall open the door and walk in, unannounced."

Antonio raised his eyebrows slightly, but made no further objection. He was absent for about a couple of minutes, during which time I am free to confess that the tide of my audacity turned and began to ebb with alarming rapidity; but when he reappeared it was only to hold the door open, and I entered, hoping for the best.

The room in which I found myself was a long one, and presented an aspect of rather more luxury than one is accustomed to associate with the *salons* of hotels. At the further end of it Lady Constance was standing, tall and erect, holding my card between her long, shapely fingers, and talking to a grey-headed man whose back was turned towards me, and who was warming his feet by the fire. I advanced, uncomfortably conscious of my person, and eager to explain what certainly wore the appearance of a rather unwarrantable intrusion.

"I'm afraid you must think it very cool of me to force my way in like this," I began; "but you were so good as to say that I might call—and this is the third time that I have been, you see—and I thought perhaps there was some mistake—"

Lady Constance paid no attention whatsoever to my breathless excuses. She stopped talking for a moment to hold out her hand to me, requesting me to sit down, at the same time pointing to a somewhat remote chair, and then resumed her own seat and her conversation with the stranger. They spoke in a language which was wholly unknown to me, and were evidently as little affected by my presence as if I had been deaf and dumb.

This cavalier treatment at least gave me time to cool down and to recover my self-possession; so that I did not find it as embarrassing as I might have done under ordinary circumstances. I thought I would sit the other visitor out, and as soon as his innings was over, mine might begin. In the mean time I took stock of the apartment, which, with its stands of hothouse plants, its Oriental and Spanish rugs, its piles of books and newspapers, and its

bronzes and other knicknacks carelessly deposited here and there, seemed characteristic enough of its temporary mistress. It was the habitation of a nomad, but of a nomad with a well-lined purse; and I was wondering what Mowbray and others could have meant by representing Lady Constance as a person without fortune, when my musings were disagreeably interrupted by the discovery that the couple beside the fire were talking about me. Lady Constance looked me full in the face, said a few words, and laughed; and then the stranger—a man of something over middle age, with a weather-beaten, wrinkled face, and an unkempt beard and moustache—pushed back his chair, scrutinised me deliberately, and laughed too.

I was furious; but what could I do? To get up and walk away, without having spoken a word, would be too ridiculous, and I had not the courage to offer any observation. There was nothing for it but to sit still and wait for the end, I suppose I must have sat there for at least a quarter of an hour, smoothing my hat, and feeling quite wretched, before the stranger got up. Lady Constance accompanied him to the door, talking earnestly as she went, and then, returning to the fireplace, stood, with her elbow resting on the mantel-piece, looking down at the glowing logs.

When she broke silence, it was to say pensively, as though there had been nothing in her previous conduct or mine which called for remark:—"The worst of these people is that one can never by any possibility tell whether they are speaking the truth or not. It is so essential that they should be able to lie readily, that lying becomes a second nature to them, and from never knowing for certain who are their friends and who are their enemies, they end by suspecting everybody. I sometimes doubt whether the system is altogether a good one."

She looked up at me half-interrogatively as she ceased speaking; so I said that, upon the face of it, the system did not seem to be a very good one.

She laughed. "You can hardly judge of it yet, I suppose," she remarked. "Do you know who that man is who has just left the room?"

I said, "Not in the least."

"And if I told you his name, you would probably be none the wiser. His name in Naples is Herr Müller, and he just manages to keep body and soul together by giving music lessons; but three years ago he was commanding an army in Hungary, and he might be a rich man now, I believe, if he had chosen to make terms with the Austrians, as others did. The word 'patriot' is out of favour nowadays; yet it would be a fine thing to be a patriot in the sense that that man is one. He has given up literally everything for his country—his time, his health, and his money, and, as some people would say, his morality into the bargain. To die for your country is all very well; but there are hundreds and thousands of men who are ready to do that much. Herr Müller goes a great deal further. He has plotted for his country, he has lied for her, he would kill or steal for her as a matter of course. If he thought

Hungary would be in any way benefited by my death, he would assassinate me without a moment's hesitation."

"I should think a man of that kind would be a rather uncommon sort of friend," I remarked.

"He is not my friend. He is nobody's friend, except Hungary's. He only comes to see me because he thinks I can do something for Hungary."

"And can you?"

"No, but I like to hear him talk, and he gives me information; though, as I told you just now, I can't be sure whether it is trustworthy information or not. For the moment, things look about as hopeless as they can for him and others like him; but their cause will triumph in the long run, I fancy. I don't know whether you believe that truth is great, and will prevail?"

"I am quite certain of it," I said decidedly.

"Yes; at your age one is quite certain about most things. Upon the whole, I agree with you; but then, as Pilate so naturally asked, 'What is truth?'

"I don't altogether understand what you mean," I said, "but it doesn't appear to me that conspiracies and assassinations are likely to do much good to any cause."

"The secret societies are more formidable than you imagine, though. I have never belonged to one myself; but I have had opportunities of observing what they can do, and I know that they can at least frighten the authorities. No Government can suppress them, and no bad Government will be able to sleep comfortably while they exist. Therefore I am inclined to think that the conspirators will wear out the bad Governments, in spite of the fact that most conspirators are fools, and some are ruffians."

"And do you help these fools and ruffians?" I asked.

"So people say."

I did not like to press the question further; though I was becoming more and more interested in this singular woman. I was, however, sufficiently at my ease by this time to recur to the subject of my unceremonious entry, and to offer a somewhat less incoherent apology for it. "I'm afraid I interrupted you," I said in conclusion.

"Well," she answered with a smile, "I think you must have seen for yourself that you did not do that. Even Herr Müller, who is suspicion incarnate, was convinced that there was no danger in talking Magyar before you. I am not at all offended: indeed, I rather admire your self-assertion. It is a great gift; only you should be careful of abusing it. Another time, if Antonio tells you that I do not receive, I must ask you to take him at his word; but most likely he will not tell you so again. If I remember rightly, you were to come here with a view to expatiating upon the perfections of some charming girl, with whom you are violently in love. Please be so kind as to put another log upon the fire, and then you can embark upon your narrative. I am all attention."

"Upon second thoughts," I said, after complying with her request, "I would rather leave that subject alone. It would not interest you."

"To be honest," she replied, "I don't think it would; one love-affair is so very like another, unfortunately. Nevertheless, I am quite willing to be bored for a quarter of an hour. I can't give you a longer time than that, because I am going out to dinner. By the way, you might as well dine with me to-morrow, if you have no other engagement, and bring Mr. Fisticuffs with you."

"Fisticuffs, as you call him, is by way of not going into society," I answered: "but I shall be delighted to come, and I will deliver your kind invitation to him."

"Do; and tell him, at the same time, from me, that if he refuses to go with you into the gay world, he will be neglecting a very important part of his duties. He has been put in charge of a perishable piece of property, and unless he restores it to its owners in good condition, he will be held responsible, as sure as we live in a world of injustice."

Whether this argument, which I duly reported to George, had any effect upon him, or whether, as he himself averred, he was anxious to see what a gang of conspirators and cut-throats looked like, I cannot say; but he decided, rather to my surprise, to accompany me to the Hôtel Crocelle on the following evening, and went away, confessing that Lady Constance did not appear to be so black as she was painted. The dinner was a dull and decorous one; the guests were not conspirators, but highly respectable ladies and gentlemen with titles and diamonds; our hostess was less abrupt in her manner than usual, took a great deal of pains to make herself pleasant to George, and yawned no more than any one might have been excused for doing under the circumstances.

"I must say," George remarked, as we walked home, "that she is a woman of a good deal of information; and I was glad to see that she did not make eyes at you. Perhaps, after all, she may leave you in peace now that she knows you are as good as engaged to be married."

"And, perhaps," added I, "you will leave me in peace now that you are satisfied that Lady Constance is not a man-eating tigress."

After this, George allowed me to go my own way;—a way which his own tastes did not dispose him to tread with me, but which suited mine to perfection. At the time of which I am writing there was a great deal of ball-giving and dinner-giving in Naples, and I soon found myself in full swing of these entertainments. Jocelyn, the languid Attaché, introduced me to the local grandes; some travelling English families of distinction, acquaintances of the General's, were kind enough to take me up; and Lady Constance Milner's doors were no longer barred against me. In her *salon* I met with all sorts and conditions of men. Her dinner-parties, at which I was a constant attendant, were not all as dull as the first had been; patriots of every nationality broke her bread; artists and sculptors partook of her hospitality in large numbers; once we had a party composed entirely of actors and actresses, and the next day we had a Cardinal-Archbishop and a bevy of priests. Lady Constance was equally at home with them all; but her guests, perhaps, got more amusement out of her than they could give in return. "It is disappointing work," she would say, with one of her prolonged yawns. "These people are as like one another as wooden dolls in a toy shop: the only difference between them is in their clothes."

I wrote home a long description of her and her eccentricities to my uncle, who replied that he had never heard of the lady, but that he was very glad that a person of that kind should have taken me in hand. "A woman of the world is the best of schoolmistresses," he wrote; "and if you learn from her the art of good manners, which is not taught in our country, you will have cause to be grateful to her in after years."

I am not sure that Lady Constance Milner was exactly the person to teach the art of good manners, her own being of a kind which it would have been hardly safe for ordinary mortals to imitate; but that she was a woman of the world was undeniable. Notwithstanding her freedom and occasional recklessness of speech, she very rarely ruffled the susceptibilities of any of her visitors, and I could not help observing the extremely skilful manner in which she contrived, while ostensibly pursuing her habitual system of saying the first thing that came into her head, to find out their several weaknesses and to tickle their vanity.

She tickled my vanity as much as anybody's, though I was not quite prepared to admit that at the time. I stood upon a different footing with her from that of the mature Lotharios who adored her, the assorted specimens of humanity who ate her dinners, and the conspirators whom she half distrusted and who wholly distrusted her. I was her friend; to some extent even her confidant. I was with her at all hours, in public and in private; it

was I who escorted her to the Opera, and called her carriage when she left a reception or a ball; it was to me that new arrivals who wished to be presented to her most commonly addressed themselves. All this was naturally flattering to the self-addressed themselves. I could love of a young and inexperienced member of society, and I could not but be aware that I was the subject of a good deal of remark, and of some envy. Indeed, she told me as much herself, with that frankness which was one of her chief attractions.

"Do you know," she asked me one day, "that all Naples sets you down as my devoted slave?"

"All Naples is not very far wrong," I replied gallantly.

"Apparently not. Does it never strike you that you are treading upon rather dangerous ground?"

I answered that I hoped it was not rude to say I didn't see the danger. "I told you long ago why it was that I could not fall in love with you," I added.

"You are a very confident young man," she returned, laughing.

"But without falling in love with me, you may very easily fall in love with the life that I lead, and find a return to buttercups and daisies and curds and whey a little insipid after it. If that happens, don't blame me."

"I certainly shall not blame you in any case," I declared; "but it will not happen. For one thing, I shall probably never return to the buttercups and daisies for more than a month or two at a time, and for another thing, I love the country a thousand times better than any town. This sort of thing is very exciting and very good fun, and I like talking to the people whom I meet at your hotel; but it is not for the sake of meeting them that I go there, all the same."

"Is it not? Then may I ask why do you go there every day? If you could give a perfectly truthful answer, it might be interesting."

I considered for a moment, and then gave her what I believed to be a perfectly honest answer. "I suppose what you mean to ask is, Why do I consider it such a privilege to be constantly in your society? Well, of course you know that you are very clever, and that you have the gift of making everybody like you, and so on;—you are told that scores of times every day. But it seems to me that you care a great deal more for everything that is worth caring for than other people do who make much louder professions. You are always trying to rise above the pettinesses of commonplace life; and indeed you do rise above them, although you live in the midst of them. You give to the poor and say nothing about it; your sympathies are all with the weak and with the oppressed and the poor devils who are out of luck. You are just as kind to the ragged patriots who are not over and above civil to you in return as you are to Ambassadors and courtiers. I haven't seen much of the world yet, it is true; but I am certain that there can't be many people like you in it." I blushed as I concluded my profession of faith, which, to be sure, was a trifle more high-flown in tone than I had intended to make it at starting.

"Dear me!" said Lady Constance, "so that is the conception that you have formed of my character? Now see how far my love of truth carries me—I am going to shatter this pleasing vision at a blow. What should you say if I told you that the money which I so generously bestow upon the poor is only a small part of what I make out of the oppressed and ragged patriots?"

"You make money out of them!" I ejaculated, considerably staggered.

"Exactly so. Not out of their purses: there would be a material difficulty about that, apart from the immorality of the proceeding. But I have made, and hope to make again, handsome sums out of the information they give me. In point of fact, I gamble on the Bourse and Stock Exchange. I sometimes hear of impending events a day or more before the rest of the world hears of them; and I profit by my knowledge. Does that shock you?"

"I am not sure that it does," I answered slowly. "Nobody is any the worse for it, I suppose."

"Really I don't know. The patriots are not the worse for it; but some people must lose, I presume, or I should not win. Let us hope, however, that the losers are not deserving persons. Moreover, it is not only from patriots that I obtain my information, and my sympathy with them is genuine, as far as it goes. Candidly speaking, I don't consider my method of raising the wind a very noble one; but one must live, and I abhor poverty. I only mention this to you because it seems a pity that you should run away with exalted ideas about a vulgar sort of sinner, and also because, if I hadn't told you, somebody else would have been sure to do so before very long."

Lady Constance was not greatly lowered in my esteem by the above disclosure. I knew nothing of Bourse transactions; but it appeared to me, upon reflection, that this form of gambling was no more reprehensible than getting a good tip about a horse and then backing him; which has never yet been held to be anything but a prudent course of action. Besides, her openness disarmed censure.

What I did not quite expect, and yet ought certainly to have expected, from my fascinating friend was caprice. She had so accustomed me to look upon myself as a necessary participant in all her movements that I was not only astounded but seriously affronted when she announced to me, in a casual way, at a crowded reception, where I met her one evening, that she intended to leave for Palermo the next day.

"Surely this is a very sudden decision!" I exclaimed.

"I always make my decisions suddenly," she answered, and turned away to talk to somebody else.

I was more than half inclined to march off home, asking no further questions, and commanding her inwardly to the devil; yet, after all our intimacy, I felt that it would be a melancholy thing if we were to part in that way; and so, later in the evening, I took another opportunity of approaching her. "Is this really to be good-bye, then?" I asked sorrowfully.

"Oh!" said she, laughing, "we are sure to meet again. People are always turning up. I generally find it much more difficult to avoid my friends than to encounter them."

"I hope you don't want to avoid me," I said tentatively; "because the fact is I was rather thinking of moving on to Palermo myself."

For a moment she turned upon me a look of unmistakable impatience and displeasure; but it vanished at once. "Yes?" she returned, coldly. "I thought you were going to Rome." And, without giving me time to make any reply, she took the arm of one of her elderly admirers, and left the room.

After this, it may be thought that, if I had possessed any sense of self-respect whatsoever, I should have abandoned all idea of proceeding to Sicily; and such was indeed my own view of the matter until the following afternoon, when I went to the Hôtel Crocelle to inquire whether Lady Constance had really left, and was informed that she had started that morning, accompanied, among other friends, by a certain Mr. Sotheran—which news caused me to change my mind. For, at the risk of seeming to imply too much, I will confess at once that I was jealous of this Mr. Sotheran. He was a middle-aged man, reputed to be very rich, and known by all who frequented the entertainments at the Hôtel Crocelle to be profoundly enamoured of their hostess. All through the winter he had been paying his addresses to her in a solemn, persistent fashion, and although he certainly had not been encouraged, he just as certainly had not been dismissed. Lady Constance had a strong personal dislike for him, which she took little pains to conceal: but, bearing in mind what I had been told of her anxiety to make a good match, and knowing from her own lips that she had a clear appreciation of

the value of money, I sometimes feared that she might end by accepting the large red hand of this wealthy suitor. This, of course, was no business of mine; but one does not like to see one's friends throw themselves away, and it irritated me that Lady Constance should have chosen this person, of all others, for a travelling companion. I was, as I have said, jealous of the man. I did not think then, nor do I think now, that jealousy is a passion of which lovers must necessarily possess the monopoly.

Therefore (though the relation of cause to effect in my conduct is not, I admit, very clear), I determined to pursue Lady Constance's party;—not immediately, but as soon as I could do so consistently with a due regard to appearances. The time hung heavily on my hands after she had gone. I had had no idea of how essential a factor in my enjoyment of Neapolitan life Lady Constance had been until I found myself deprived of her, and Society revealed itself to me in all its native inanity. I remained at Naples for three weeks, feeling more bored than I had ever done in my life before; but at the expiration of that period I felt myself entitled to make a move, and accordingly took passage for my Mentor and myself on board the Palermo steamer.

An angry man was George Warren when I broke the news of our impending departure to him. All his dormant suspicions of Lady Constance revived, and he worked himself up into something as nearly resembling a passion as his sober nature could compass. He said, "This is downright disgusting! Can't you be satisfied with having been made the laughing-stock of the whole place by that woman? Is it absolutely necessary that you should run after her, now that she is sick of you and has gone away—as I verily believe she has—in order not to be bothered with you any longer! I'll tell you what, Charley; you may go to Palermo if you choose; but I'll be hanged if I go with you! We shall have you back here very soon, I suspect, with your tail between your legs: and then perhaps you will acknowledge that there was some truth in what Mowbray told me, and wish you had taken his advice a little earlier in the day."

I kept my temper, and George, poor fellow, recovered his after a time, and consented to cross the sea with me—perceiving, I suppose, that he could not really do otherwise. It was impossible to make him understand that my feelings for Lady Constance were simply those of friendship, and I pardoned his absurd assertion that she had made me the laughing-stock of Naples, merely remarking that there were more things within the range of human sentiments than were dreamt of in his narrow philosophy.

He had his revenge when we reached our destination. Lady Constance and her friends were indeed at Palermo, and occupied the first floor of the very hotel in which we were lodged; but, alas! when I went down stairs on the day after our arrival to pay my respects, I was received by the imperturbable Antonio with his old inhospitable announcement: "Her ladyship does not receive."

I waited for no second repulse. I bolted up the stairs to our room on the third floor, two steps at a time, and indignantly told George what had occurred. "I've had enough of this," I said. "Either I have offended Lady Constance, or else, as you say, she is sick of me. Anyhow, I shall not trouble my head about her any more. Let's be off to Catania."

"What?—without seeing the Cathedral of Monreale or the Palatine Chapel!" exclaimed George. "I am delighted to hear that you have come to your senses, Charley; but all the same, I wouldn't rush into extremes, if I were you. We may never be in Sicily again, you know."

"Very well," I answered; "go and see your sights, and may they make you happy! I want to get out of this. Come on to Catania when you have done your duty to Murray, and you will find me there reading hard at Adam Smith."

As luck would have it, a coasting steamer was just about to get under way for the ports on the other side of the island. I packed up hastily, went on board of her, and was soon gliding over a glassy sea towards the Strait of Messina. At Catania—a dusty, melancholy town, built upon the hard black lava which poured down upon it from Etna and more than half destroyed it two centuries ago—I spent a couple of solitary days, during which time I am afraid that I reflected more upon the fickleness of woman than upon the "Wealth of Nations." But on the evening of the third day a most surprising and delightful incident occurred. I was walking pensively down the principal street, about the hour of sunset, when I received a smart tap on the shoulder from the handle of a parasol, and, turning round, found myself face to face with Lady Constance herself.

"I saw you from a shop on the other side of the road, where Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Sotheran are driving hard bargains with a curiosity-dealer," she said; "so I thought I would cross and inquire whether you had had a quarrel with Mr. Warren; because we left him at Palermo."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed in my astonishment, "how do you come to be here?"

"We drove," she answered; "and oh, what a tedious drive it was, to be sure! To-morrow we go on to Syracuse, and the next day we return by way of Taormina and Messina. Don't you want to see Taormina? I can't offer you a seat in our carriage because of Mr. Sotheran's legs, which are particularly unmanageable, and have to be packed sideways; but I should think you could easily hire a horse and ride over to meet us."

"Of course I should like it of all things," I answered with some hesitation; only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, honestly speaking, I am rather surprised at your wishing for my company. I thought I had been so unlucky as to displease you—or else that I had bored you beyond endurance."

"What can have put such a very strange notion into your head?" said she, talking through a yawn and looking down the street. "There is Mrs. Gilbert waving excited signals to me; I suppose she has succeeded in making some hideous purchase. Is it understood, then, that we meet the day after to-morrow? I shall insist upon starting from Syracuse at break of day, because Mr. Sotheran loathes early rising, and you may expect to see us at Taormina by noon or thereabouts. Good-night—a rivederai!"

And presently her tall figure disappeared into the recesses of the curiosity-shop.

(To be continued)

THE END OF THE WORLD is confidently predicted by devout Moslems to be approaching with the close of the Mahomedan 13th century on November 8th. Tradition declares that in the present month, during the Ramadan fast, the sun shall rise in the West, the day of mercy and forgiveness shall cease, and that of judgment and retribution begin. Thus, a proclamation has been issued from Mecca, warning all true believers to prepare for the coming day, which, the *Times of India* tells us, has been widely circulated, and has created a great impression. A fanatical pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb at Medina, Muhammad Salib, declares that Mahomed appeared to him in a dream last March, and warned him of the approaching end. There are twenty-five signs to be fulfilled before the Great Day, and some of these the Mahomedans already recognise, the closing signs being the coming of Iman Mahdi, the Director with his troops bearing black ensigns, and a mighty wind which shall sweep away the souls of all who have but a grain of faith in their hearts. After the Mahdi's reign the trumpet will sound two blasts, the dead shall rise, and the judgment begin.



WHENEVER one takes up a book by Mr. Phil Robinson one may be sure of being both interested and pleased; for Mr. Robinson is not only a traveller, a keen observer of human nature, and a skilled naturalist and botanist; he has also a gift of humour which plays caressingly round every subject he touches. In "Saints and Sinners" (Sampson Low and Co.) Mr. Robinson's best gifts are fairly displayed. The book describes "a tour across the States and round them, with three months among the Mormons." In less skilled hands the description of such well-trodden ground might well be wearisome, but everything gains freshness with Mr. Robinson as cicerone. With the swiftness of the trained special correspondent he seizes on the essentials of everything he sees, and gives the reader his impressions in a style which, though somewhat spasmodic, is always vigorous and individual. Mr. Robinson is interesting when he writes of Chicago, of Omaha, or of Leadville, and he is funny when he pauses to discuss the nature of a "bugbear," and speculates as to whether there is more of the bug or the bear in its composition; but the most important part of the book is that describing the Mormon settlements. Mr. Robinson detests polygamy, and gave free utterance to his opinions in talking to his Mormon hosts. Yet he was received everywhere, and claims that he has had better opportunities for getting at the truth about Mormonism than any other traveller. And after close association with and study of all classes of Mormons, Mr. Robinson feels himself compelled to give a verdict very warmly in their favour. He is bitter in his denunciations of the "Gentiles" who write of the Mormons as "the villainous spawn of polygamy." All these violent utterances are merely the outcome of unfounded hate and jealousy. The Mormons, according to Mr. Robinson, are pattern men and women. They are honest in all their dealings, people who never depart from their spoken word, untiring in their industry, frugal in their habits, scrupulously sober, reverent, rich, and well-conditioned. The women, so far from being slaves to the men as most writers declare, are enthusiastically in favour of polygamy, and talk of sending missionaries to the outside world to convert their sisters from monogamy. President Taylor, the present Mormon leader, is a more peaceful man than Brigham Young; but he has warlike counsellors; and if the United States Government tries persecution, the Mormons, aided as they would be by many Indian tribes, could well hold their own. Mr. Robinson finds striking analogies between the Mormons and the Boers. Yet despite his glowing picture, Mr. Robinson says he would not live among the Mormons—their life is too stolid and uneventful. And the women, he thinks, can never know real happiness. Contentment is their highest aim. "Sinners and Saints" is a book to read, if only because it differs so widely in its estimate of the Mormons from most of the other books on that most remarkable people.

Mrs. Houston would have done better not to publish "A Woman's Memories of World-Known Men" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). The book will interest few, and may well distress many. The "Memories" recorded are of the most trivial character, and relate in many cases to people who so far from being "world-known" are almost forgotten, even by the present generation of English people. Its judgments, though evidently given with sincerity, are singularly narrow, and often ungenerous. Those traits of character which were the least lovely in the persons Mrs. Houston discusses are frequently dwelt upon at altogether unnecessary length. For example, in writing of the Rev. Mr. Mitford, whom Mrs. Houston calls one of her dearest friends, she enters at length upon the reverend gentleman's morbid dread of death, caused by the fear that he would be damned for the many sins of his youth. Such painful revelations do not in the least concern the public of to-day, and must cause great pain to any surviving members of the Mitford family. All Mrs. Houston's judgments are conceived in a spirit of ultra-morbid Evangelical morality, which often produces the most painful effect upon the mind of the reader. On page 105 of Vol. I. a most odious charge is brought against Shelley. Being allowed access to some correspondence of Shelley's (letters written apparently to Harriet Westbrook) Mrs. Houston characterises them as "effusions" in which "the writer, for the mere pleasure of working mischief, aims at the pollution of another's mind and nature." The story, of course, is wholly incredible. No one who knows anything of Shelley would listen to it for an instant. But it is mentioned here as one of the worst specimens of bad taste (to use the kindest possible word) in a book which is unfortunately disfigured by such examples.

"Mark Twain," in the earlier chapters of his new book, "Life on the Mississippi" (Chatto and Windus), gives such an admirable specimen of his powers as a serious writer of history, that one is almost tempted to wish that, for this occasion only, he would lay aside altogether his funny style, or at least subordinate it to purposes of serious literary work. But the old Adam cannot long be subdued. Mr. Clemens soon slips into his accustomed style; and almost before the reader is aware that he has changed from the graphic to the grotesque, he is deep in sketches of life and character in all of which the great river forms the background. Pilot's exploits, and the misfortunes of pilot's "cubs," river superstitions and river romances, tales of hard drinking, hard fighting, and hard swearing—these are the materials of which the book is made up. Sometimes the quaint humour is varied by some grisly tale of murder and revenge, such as "A Thumb-Print, and What Came of It," a peculiarly horrible story of a night-watchman in a German morgue. That "Life on the Mississippi" will be as popular as the books by which "Mark Twain's" name was made is not likely. Nevertheless it is well worth reading.

The idea of "Morley's Universal Library" (George Routledge and Sons) is a good one. It is to supply "a home library as cheap, neat, and compact as the modern art of publishing can make it, of all the best books of the world," "outside the time of copyright." The series (which is under the editorship of Professor Henry Morley, who supplies an introduction to each volume) opens well with Sheridan's "Plays, clearly printed on good paper, and neatly bound. The second volume is not so satisfactory. It is called "Plays from Molière by English Dramatists," and consists of plays by Wycherley, Fielding, Colley Cibber, Dryden, and Vanbrugh, in which the comedies of Molière have been more or less closely followed. Such a volume, while representing but poorly the works of English dramatists, gives at the same time but little idea of the humour and style of Molière. Mr. Van Laun's admirable translation of Molière, is, unfortunately, not available for this series; but it would certainly seem that some other translations of even of a few of Molière's best comedies could have been found, which would better represent the great Frenchman's work than these garbled versions by English playwrights. *Faust*, *The Chronicles of the Cid*, *Rabelais' Gargantua*, and *Machiavelli's Prince* are among the next volumes promised. The series deserves success.

The word Agnosticism, like Aestheticism, Positivism, and many other comparatively modern terms, is often met with in newspapers, reviews, and general conversation; but probably few of the writers or speakers who use it have any but extremely loose notions of its exact meaning. To many persons, therefore, Mr. Richard Bithell's "The Creed of a Modern Agnostic" (George Routledge and Sons)

ought to carry instruction. It is a compact little volume, ably and reverently written. Not a word is anywhere wasted, and the argument proceeds from proposition to proposition with satisfying lucidity. It is true that those who have gone at all below the surface of current controversies need not read Mr. Bithell; for he has nothing new to say to those who know Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Huxley, and John Stuart Mill. Still, much praise is due to a writer who thoughtfully popularises for the general reader the ideas of great leaders of thought. Mr. Bithell is himself an Agnostic, and he is earnest in expounding his creed. Unlike a well-known Secularist who demanded how Mr. Herbert Spencer could know that there was an "Unknown," Mr. Bithell does not hesitate to accept Mr. Spencer's nomenclature. He quotes John Stuart Mill's celebrated arraignment of Nature, and declares that "evil consists of non-adaptation of man to his surroundings." Not the least interesting thing about this book is that it shows that the gulf between "belief" and Agnosticism is much narrower than many are accustomed to suppose, and that there can be an intimate alliance between Agnosticism and enthusiasm.

In "The Aesthetic and Modern Aestheticism" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) Mr. John Wooder has tried to do for the modern cult of Art what Mr. Bithell has done for Agnosticism. Mr. Wooder aims at rescuing the word "aesthetic" from the clutches of the burlesque-writer and the music-hall "comique," and giving it its original meaning. "The aesthetic," says Mr. Wooder (who will not recognise the form "aesthete"), and the definition loses its strangeness the more it comes to be examined, "always, in some form or other, has entered a protest against the sensuous, as that which ministers to the body and leaves the soul neglected; he sees and deplores the fatal facility with which the sensuous or objective becomes corrupt and demoralising. Now he is the Stoic, now the Cynic. Since the Christian era he has been the Ascetic, the Monastic, the Mystic, and in his latest form the Aesthetic."

Vol. III. of "The Bibliographer" has lately been issued by Mr. Elliot Stock. The excellent print and paper of this periodical are alone enough to recommend it to attention; but the matter is weighty and good, and well worthy of its setting.—Of guide-books and travels, we have received the following: "Days Afoot and European Sketches" (2nd edition: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), by James Baker; "Two Friends in Holland and Belgium," by "M. A. W." (Remington and Co.). "M. A. W." has nothing to say of the travels of himself and his friend in Holland and Belgium which has not often been much better said before. When his own experiences run dry he turns on the tap of history, and gives some pages of re-written Motley. "The Hades of Ardenne" (Sampson Low and Co.) is of a very different character. Certain gentlemen, here facetiously called Messrs. Daubenton, Drypoynter, and Hinkityne, members of the T. T. Club, had been excited by accounts of the Ardennes district. They visit it in company, explore the famous caves of Han-sur-Lesse, make many sketches of picturesque "bits" (which are reproduced in the volume), crack many jokes, and succeed in spending a very pleasant holiday. What is more, so bracing and unaffectedly pleasant is the narrative of the anonymous authors that they pass on to others something of the pleasure they themselves gained. The book has been "arranged" by Mr. Moy Smith.—"The Eastern Counties," by C. S. Ward, M.A. (Dulau and Co.), may fairly claim to be one of the "Thorough Guide Series." It is clear and complete; yet very compact and portable.

If shortsightedness among children (already so alarmingly prevalent) is to be fostered, let parents buy and present to their young ones "The Story of a Nursery Rhyme," by "C. B." (Field and Tuer). This booklet—No. 2 of the Vellum-Parchment Shilling Series—is printed upon rough paper, in type of many curious twiddles and twists. The ink used is the palest blue, and the result of this combination is that the book is only to be read with considerable difficulty. The story may be good or bad; but this can hardly be ascertained without running the risk of injuring the eyes.

On our table are also the following books: "The Youth's Business Guide," by "Experientia" (Wyman and Sons); "Le Pasteur de Blinkbonny" (Paris: Grassart), a translation into French by the Comtesse de Gasparin of J. Strathesk's novel "Bits from Blinkbonny," reviewed some time since in this journal; and the second and revised edition of "A Counting-House Dictionary," by Richard Bithell (George Routledge and Sons). The last-named is a work of considerable usefulness. It explains, often at the length of a couple of pages, every term used in trade and commerce from the commonest to the most obscure. This volume should be in every office-library.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

WE understand that the objects sent by the Madras Presidency to the Fisheries Exhibition will eventually find their way to the Natural History Department of the British Museum, at South Kensington. It is more than likely that grants of a similar character belonging to other countries will be made to the same department when the Fisheries Exhibition closes its doors. Many of these, such as fish preserved in spirits, stuffed birds, shells, corals, &c., it would be hardly worth while to return to the places of their production, while they would be valuable in filling vacancies in our National Collection. Before being catalogued, they would most of them need re-arrangement, and preparation for their more permanent home.

The electric railway at Portrush—the first of its kind on anything like a commercial scale—will be opened by Lord Spencer on the 14th inst. As the energy required will be obtained from a natural waterfall, economy of working is anticipated. The experiment will be looked forward to with great interest not only by electricians, but by the public at large.

The Suez Canal Company have decided to light the entrance to their highway by gas buoys, on Pintsch's system, a form of lighting with which all travellers by the Underground Railway are familiar. With this view there are being constructed eight nine-foot buoys—each to be charged with compressed gas, to burn for two months without requiring attention. The scheme comprises gas holders for storage, and plant for making the gas at Port Said. The system will, in the future, be probably extended to other parts of the Canal. In the mean time the question of illuminating the entire passage by electricity is under consideration.

A French paper gives a description of a method of pile-driving which has been successfully adopted in making the foundations for the Palais de Justice, at Brunswick. Instead of the ordinary pile-driver, a simple framework is erected to hold the pile in position. Attached to each pile by staples are two tubes of about 2 in. diameter. These are carried to the pointed end of the pile, where they terminate, and turn inwards towards one another. Their upper ends are in communication by flexible pipes with the city water main. When the water is turned on it rapidly excavates a hole, in which the pile sinks by its own weight; but should any unusual resistance be met with weights are fastened to the top of the pile. By these means, and under favourable circumstances, a 12 in. pile can be sunk to a depth of 15 ft. in ten minutes. Each pile requires, on an average, 200 gallons of water.

The consumption of paper is now so great that the supply of rags for its manufacture cannot keep pace with the demand. Hence, various other materials are being constantly impressed into the service of the paper mills with varying success. M. Reynaud has found in the Algerian dwarf palm a valuable addition to these, and he utilises the whole of the plant except the roots, which are reserved for fuel. The stalks and leaves are treated with a special lye until

the fibre easily separates, after which it passes between rollers, and is subjected to constant washings. The product is finally tied into bundles for transport.

Mr. D. Tallerman, manager of the Fish League, London, whose name is well known in connection with other sources of food-supply, lately addressed a meeting at Wick on the subject of conveying fish by rail, in refrigerator cars. Such cars have been built by the League, which will convey fish from the remotest part of the kingdom, and deliver it to the London markets in as fresh a condition as when it was caught.

The Belgian War Department has been lately engaged in conducting some experiments relative to the waterproofing of cloth for soldiers' uniforms, and as the process adopted seems to successfully attain the object desired, without injuring the material or interfering with its colour, it will possibly have extended application. Briefly described, the process is as follows: Two solutions are made in separate vessels, one being of alum and the other of sugar of lead. These are combined to form acetate of alumina, which, after being decanted, represents the waterproofing compound. The cloth is soaked in this, and afterwards dried in air. The process is said to be rather expensive, unless carried out on a large scale.

Successful attempts have been carried out in the United States in cultivating the tea-plant, and it is believed that farmers will have no difficulty in raising enough for their own wants, with very little addition to their ordinary labours; a dozen trees will supply the needs of a family of eight persons, and such trees can occupy corners which cannot be easily used for other crops. For various reasons, there is no likelihood of the new industry ever competing with China and Japan.

Another new industry, which is being developed in California with great hopes of ultimate success, is the cultivation of the Cochin China grape vine. In various parts of the state, seed has been distributed among 800 persons, who are doing their best to plant the Pacific Coast with vineyards.

The new pearl fishery, in the Gulf of Mexico, is creating much excitement, and the value of the gems found have exceeded all previous expectations. It is believed that a very extensive deposit of pearl-bearing oysters has been discovered, and the rush to participate in the find is compared to the old gold days of California. The largest pearl found here weighs 75 carats.

There seems to be no end to the useful substances derived from that coal tar which the gas companies regarded in their early days almost as a waste product. The most recent of these is a white crystalline powder discovered by Professor Fischer, of Munich, which is likely to prove valuable as a medical agent. In its action on the human organism it resembles quinine. It rapidly reduces fever-heat, so as to render the use of ice unnecessary, and it is believed that "kairin," as it has been named, will enable a physician to exactly regulate the temperature of his patient. A factory for the production of the new drug has been established at Giessen, and we shall doubtless soon have more definite information as to its real value. It is not yet clear whether "kairin" resembles quinine in its tonic and restorative qualities, but in one respect it equals it, and that is in its high price. This will of course be reduced if its efficiency leads to a demand for it.

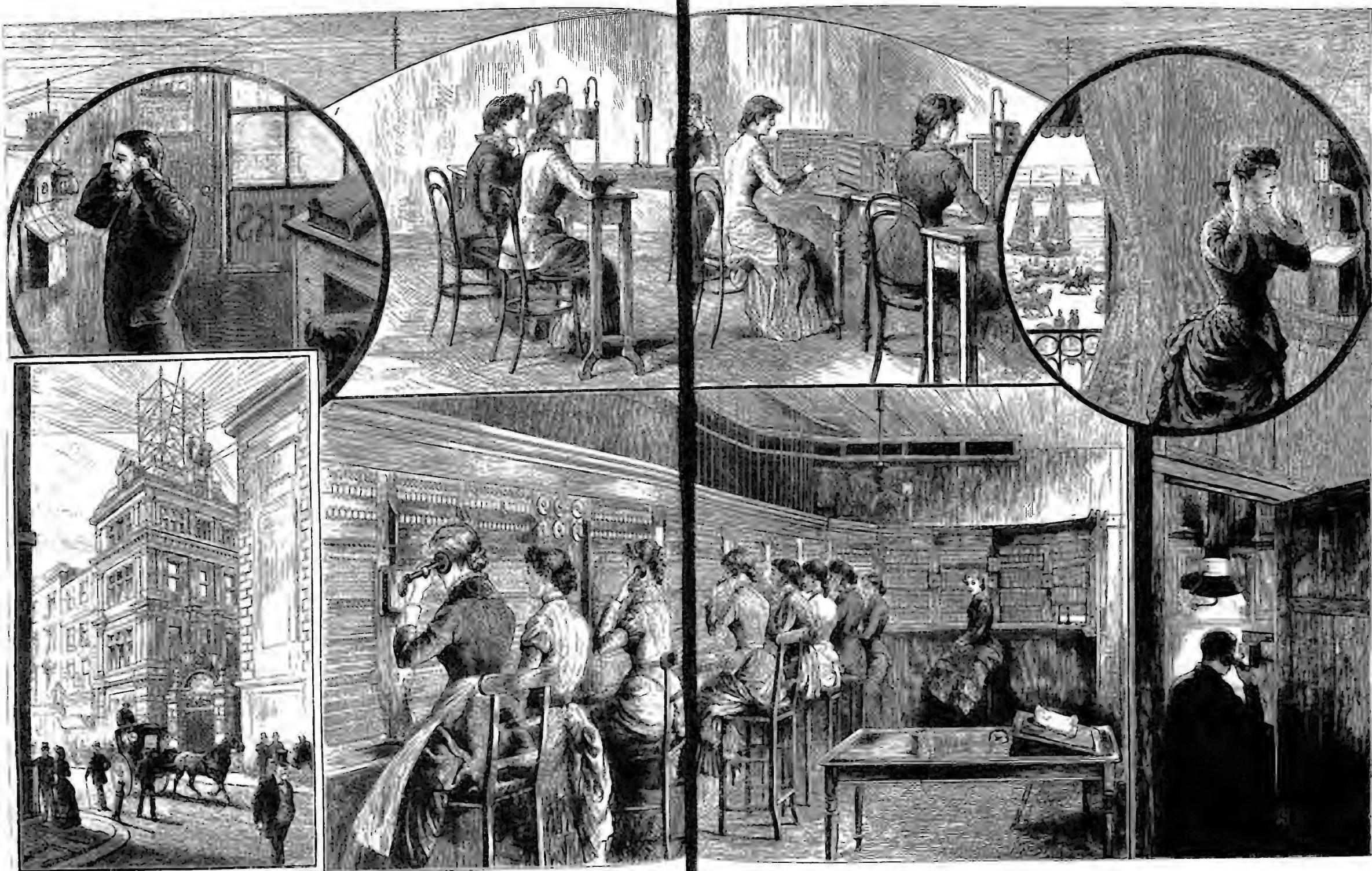
Professor Colladon, of Geneva, has been continuing a long series of investigations into the effect of lightning upon trees and vegetation generally. He observes that the upper part of a tree is often left unscathed while the lower branches and trunks are stripped of their bark, and otherwise mutilated. He attributes this effect to the conducting power of the higher branches, through their being more impregnated with sugar than the lower parts of the tree. Oak trees, however, seem to offer an exception to this rule, for the upper parts suffer while the passage of the electricity is marked on the lower trunk by a gouge-like furrow.

Great expectations have been formed of the performance of the Lyman-Haskell gun, accounts of which have from time to time reached us, but which has now been completed in America, and will shortly be tried. The peculiarity of this gun is that it has no fewer than five powder chambers—one in the usual position at the breech, upon which the projectile rests, and the others hanging as pouch-like receptacles to the lower part of the tube. The first is charged with 18 lbs. of powder, whilst the others each hold 28 lbs. The projectile is forced forward by the explosion of the hinder charge, and the flame in the tube ignites the other charges as the ball passes them. In this way it is expected that the velocity of the projectile will be enormously increased, and will render possible an extreme range of fifteen miles! This, of course, remains to be proved. In the mean time some of us may be led to doubt the advantage of securing a range across which the proverbial haystack would certainly be invisible to mortal eye.

T. C. H.



"By the Gate of the Sea," by David Christie Murray (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus), belongs in some respects to a slighter order of fiction than Mr. Murray's former novels; that is to say, its plot is exceedingly free from complications, and its few characters present no new studies in human nature. The author, as he told us in a recent preface, has a wholesome belief in a "story" as the only sound basis of fiction; and we have so often expressed the same opinion that, without additional argument, we may at once congratulate him upon this additional proof that he intends to carry his critical theories into practice. As a story, "By the Gate of the Sea" is admirably finished, and is so contrived that the love story of a recluse student in the wilds of Cornwall has for its background the apparently incongruous scenes of Bohemia in London. With regard to the latter portion, Mr. Murray stands nearly alone among novelists in painting what is still left to us of Bohemia as it is, and not as it is handed down from ancient traditions of the Quartier Latin, or copied at third or fourth hand from Thackeray. Though he sets down naught in malice, but the contrary, he extenuates nothing concerning that world within a world, and his sketch of that entirely modern phase of mongrel-development, the amateur Bohemian, in the person of Mr. Ronald Marsh, is something much better than mere caricature. The portrait certainly does not go beyond existing originals, and the story of Mr. Marsh's conversion to sense and manliness may possibly prove wholesome. Two faults we have to find with Mr. Murray's story. One is the extravagant use he makes of a misunderstanding which is not the less a tax upon the reader's credence and patience for being so ingeniously contrived by dint of an arrangement of circumstances and peculiarities of character. When all has been said, we remain unconvinced that Mrs. Tregarthen would have left her husband without a word, or that, if she did, he would have leaped at once to the worst conclusions of a woman whom he had learned to know. The other fault is more open to question, and depends upon the extent to which, as a matter of art, an author is justified in giving a tragic close to his work unless that be for any reason inevitable. We cannot see why Philip Tregarthen was bound to die. Only if he had lived we should have lost pathos in one way if we had gained it in another: and, so far as freshness of interest, tenderness of touch, and manliness of grasp are concerned, readers who are dissatisfied with "By the Gate of the Sea" must be hard to please.



1. SWITCH ROOM OF A CENTRAL OFFICE WORKED BY SLIPPER BOARD SYSTEM.—2. SWITCH ROOM OF A CENTRAL OFFICE WORKED BY PEG BOARD SYSTEM.—3, 4, TALKING BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.—5. HEAD CENTRAL OFFICE OF THE UNITED TELEPHONE COMPANY, COLEMAN STREET.—6. REPORTING BY TELEPHONE FROM THE 'TIMES' OFFICES TO THE 'TIMES' OFFICE.

THE TELEPHONE CHANGE IN LONDON

"A Misguidit Lassie," by Percy Ross (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.), is a very delightful novelette indeed. Books that make at any rate the more tender-hearted class of readers inclined to feel sympathetically pitiful are as common as blackberries ought soon to be; but a tale which makes us laugh, not at it, but with it, is a veritable treasure. He, or she, who can without a smile read, for example, the scene of Antoinette's reconciliation with her lover, must have but a very undeveloped sense of humour. Not that the book is professed and deliberate comedy—the comedy is inextricably bound up with the heroine's very genuine sorrows, and one element appears to the full as spontaneous as the other. Antoinette Raynor is a really new character in fiction, and is thoroughly welcome, and none the less for not being easy to imitate or copy. She is a charming mixture of shrewd sense and wild nonsense—reckless impulse and deep feeling: a sort of loveable demon. Of course her mischief and her nonsense are her most original characteristics, and give her story its distinction. The name of Percy Ross is new to us, and we trust promises further excursions into those regions of refined comedy which almost require to be discovered over again.

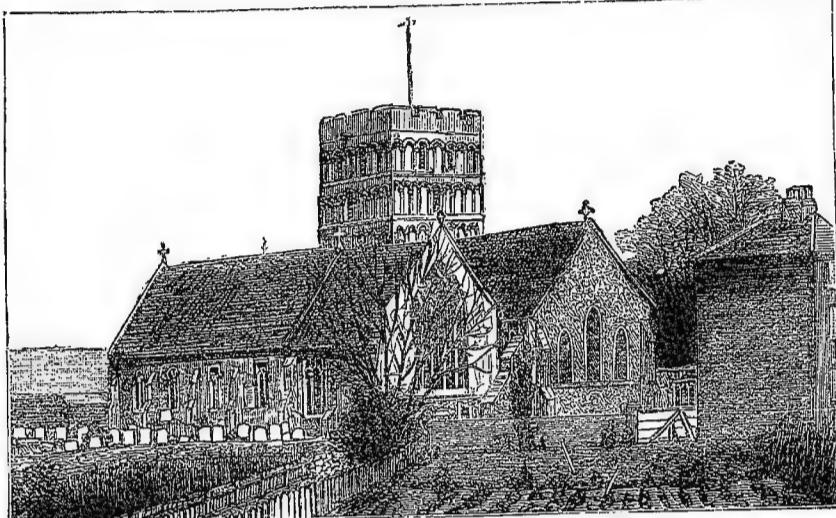
"Red Riding-Hood," by Fanny E. Millett Notley (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is, to say the least of it, startling. We learn from it that the County of Cornwall is overrun with Nihilists and Fenians, mostly spies; and that these two bodies, who are really one and the same, resemble in their general aimlessness, their omnipresence, and their manners and customs at large, the stage

holidays "Sandwich the Silent" still wakes up to a fitful semblance of activity. At other times its citizens enjoy a serene repose, broken only by a few visitors attracted by its great antiquarian riches.

Sandwich possessed the right of representation—so far as such a right existed—from very ancient days. It was a place of importance during the Roman occupation of this country, and the fine old Castle at Richborough is one of the best examples of their architecture still in preservation. In Saxon times *Sandwic*, or *Sandwych*, i.e., sandy town, was also known as *Lundenwic* (out-port of London), a name in itself suggestive of considerable importance. Its merchants, when they had freighted vessels at their own expense and had exported the produce of this country in three voyages, were raised to the rank of *thanes*, and probably had seats in the *Witenagemot*. When the country was kept in a state of continual terror by the repeated invasions of the Danes, Ethelred imposed the obligation of equipping and maintaining a fleet of war ships upon the owners of land in the neighbourhood of Sandwich. This precaution was, however, to little purpose, for, soon afterwards, Sweyn landed here in order to avenge a massacre of his countrymen. Canute, too, disembarked at Sandwich, and gave the haven, "together with the royalties of the water on each side so far forth as (a ship being on floe at the full sea) a man might cast a short hatchet out of the vessel unto the banke," to Christ's Church, Canterbury. In the reign of Edward the Confessor it became of so great importance that it was made a port of privilege together with Dover and Rumney, and it is conjectured

doubtedly Flemish, as may be seen by our illustration of the Market Place. These industrious settlers again raised the place out of obscurity, and their manufactures achieved such a high reputation that Elizabeth encouraged them, and visited Sandwich for this purpose. The house in which she is said to have resided during her stay is still extant, and is shown in the annexed illustration.

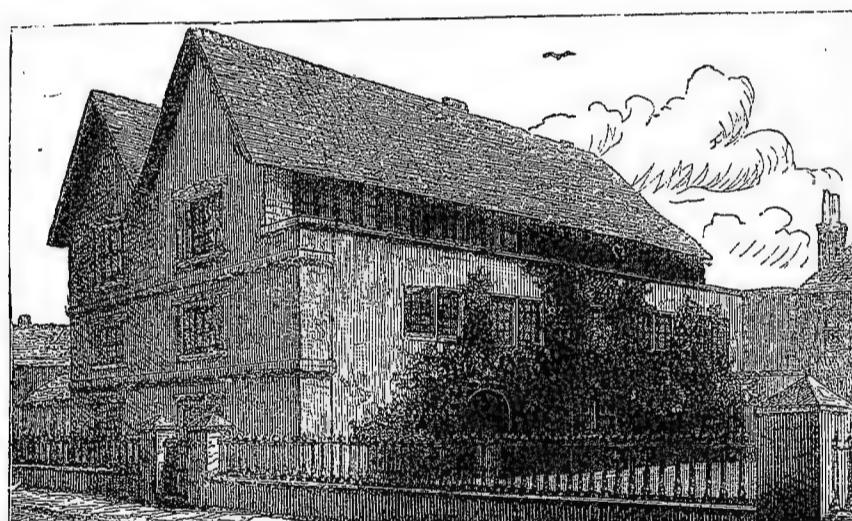
The old town is still peculiarly rich in architectural remains of great beauty and antiquity. Of these the Hospital of St. Bartholomew is one of the most curious. It was founded in 1392, and its fine Early English chapel was restored by the late Sir G. Scott. The funds of the charity are applied to the relief of the old and indigent tradesmen of the town, who also occupy the quaint cottages rent free. Of the churches, that of St. Peter, standing in the centre of the old town, is most conspicuous. It was built in the reign of John upon the site of an earlier structure—fragments of Norman work still remaining in some parts of the building. This church is now undergoing restoration, the necessity for which is sufficiently apparent from the fact that the upper part of the tower is built of bricks made of mud from the haven, so that so far from the ominous cracks which have latterly appeared being surprising, we can only wonder that it has endured so long. St. Clement's Church, of which we give an illustration, is a fine specimen of Norman architecture. It was probably built in the reign of Stephen. Its massive and almost unique tower is constructed of squared ashlar filled in with rubble, and was strengthened in the thirteenth century. The nave, too, was rebuilt in the fifteenth century. Two gates still remain to the



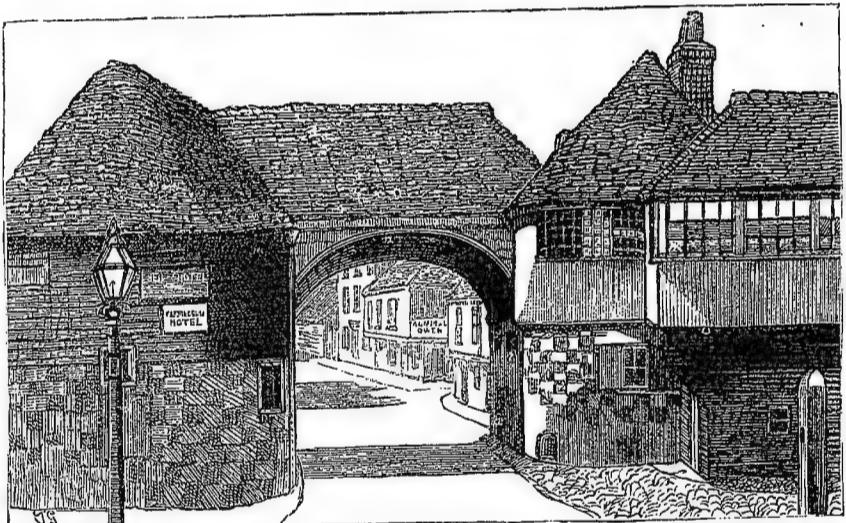
ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH



OLD FLEMISH HOUSES IN THE MARKET-PLACE



THE HOUSE IN WHICH QUEEN ELIZABETH IS SAID TO HAVE RESIDED



THE BARBICAN GATE

conspirator of the good old times. A person of impressionable nerves will be taught to assume that a common evening party is only a veil for a Nihilistic meeting going on upstairs, and will be driven to suspect a sworn murderer in every relation and friend. Why Cornwall rather than Rutland should have been chosen for a principal scene of this contemporary romance is not easy to gather, except on the ground that the native county of Jack the Giant Killer is always made the *locale* of what mysteries and prodigies are too monstrous to be placed elsewhere. The heroine is even more remarkable than her adventures. Reared by a peasant grandmother (a Nihilist) on the Cornish coast, and without the faintest shadow of education, she acquires, by natural intuition, a perfect mastery of French and Italian, and grows up so accomplished a musician that she, with no preparation worth mentioning, is at once, as an opera singer, enabled to earn an income of 30,000*l.* a year. That she should turn out to be a Princess, and the daughter of an Italian Duke who had been exiled to the "Mines"—not, by the way, of Cornwall—is thus very far from surprising; and her final exit as a martyr and a heroine is too much in character to be disappointing. Fanny E. Millett Notley does not shine in the matter of accuracy where quotation is concerned, even to the extent of always distinguishing verse from prose. We may the more hopefully trust, therefore, that Cornwall is not quite so unsafe a place for autumn quarters as she appears to believe.

SANDWICH

THE visit of the Archaeological Association to Sandwich has once more attracted attention to this ancient "Cinque Port." It is difficult nowadays for any one walking through the silent and grass-grown streets of the quaint old town to realise that it was once one of the keys of the kingdom, and the scene of many a brilliant pageant. The almost deserted quay, and the list of port dues ostentatiously displayed, now seem to be equally superfluous. In times past, however, Sandwich was a mighty emporium of commerce. It would, perhaps, still be a thriving port had not the sea, elsewhere aggressive enough, in obedience to a mysterious law of restitution here receded, leaving in its place a tract of sandy marshes, intersected by a narrow winding stream only navigable by very small craft. A few miles down the coast the picturesque Castle of Sandown, now being demolished, has long been the prey of the waves, while here a royal harbour has been deserted by them. On market-days and

that its freemen were first enfranchised at this time. In the Domesday Book Sandwich, Dover, and Rumney are mentioned as privileged ports, but from what period they enjoyed their liberties has never been definitely ascertained. Magna Charta speaks of the Barons of the Cinque Ports as being possessed of privileges from time out of mind, and their freemen seem, as in Saxon times, to have ranked among the nobility of the kingdom. Before the division of the Houses of Parliament the names of the burgesses and citizens were called over on the first day of the Session, those of the knights on the second, and those of the Barons of the Cinque Ports and of the Peers on the third. Among their duties was that of bearing the four staves of the King's canopy at the time of his coronation, and among their privileges that of dining at his right hand. They were also exempted from all payments of subsidy, and could only be sued in their own towns. In each of these ports they had a particular Court of Justice, which had jurisdiction to try criminals as well as actions relating to both real and personal property. Their summons to Parliament was distinct from that of the representatives of the boroughs, and down to modern times the oath of allegiance of the members for Sandwich concluded "and the liberties, privileges, franchises, and customs of the Cinque Ports, two ancient towns and their members, but especially of this town and port of Sandwich, to the utmost of my power shall maintain and defend."

Sandwich long maintained its prestige as a port. It witnessed the flight and the triumphant return of Thomas à Becket in 1170, while Richard I. landed there after his release from captivity in Austria. Louis of France laid siege to and burnt the town during his war with John. Edward III. frequently embarked there for France and Flanders, and not only confirmed the freemen in their rights, but giving to Christ Church, Canterbury, the Manor of Borley, in Essex, in exchange, reunited this port to the Crown. Peter Brice, Steward of Normandy, landed at Sandwich in the reign of Henry VI., and wasted the town with fire and sword, slaying the inhabitants almost to the last man. The castle was held by Falcondridge and his followers against Edward IV., but in 1471 the town never really recovered from the effects of the French devastation. About 1500 the harbour became so silted up with sand as to be very difficult of access, and on the 6th April, 1580, an earthquake, which was also felt in London, completed its destruction. The town was, soon afterwards, occupied by a colony of Flemings, exiles for conscience' sake, who introduced the art of silk weaving into this country, and much of the architecture of the present town is un-

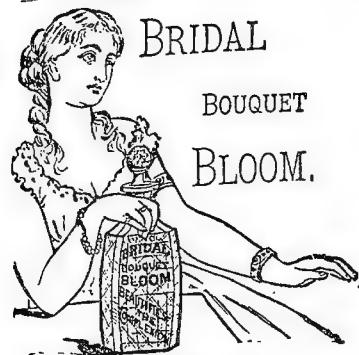
town, one of which, the "Barbican," forms the subject of our second illustration.

A NOVELTY IN BOOKS has been introduced by a Dutch publishing firm. They print all their publications in blue ink on a light green paper, stating that this method does not fatigue the reader's eye.

THE ASHES OF COLUMBUS have been sadly disturbed since the great discoverer was first buried at Seville. Time after time his remains have been moved about till they finally lie in the Cathedral of Saint Domingo, and now they are to be turned out of their resting-place and enclosed in a plate-glass urn. This urn is to hold the casket containing the actual ashes in such a manner that the remains will be plainly visible.

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY is reproducing the animal world of the Bavarian Highlands to the very life, thanks to the ingenious system of a native naturalist near Oberammergau. The photographer puts up his camera at some place in the higher regions much frequented by game, and connects it with an electric battery hidden some distance away. He then posts himself by the battery with a telescope, and directly he espies a suitable subject, touches a button which communicates with the camera, and so drops the slide, obtaining an instantaneous impression. The slight noise of the slide falling causes the animals to look up, thus giving a more animated likeness.

THE DEITIES OF TONKIN are in great disgrace with their followers for allowing the French to maintain their position in the province, and, according to a correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, the Tonkinese intend to starve out the obdurate gods as a punishment. At a village near Hanoi—the citadel held by the French, whence the late disastrous sortie took place—all the bonzes from many miles round lately assembled in the pagoda, and held a service of intercession before a highly-venerated huge bronze figure of Buddha, under whose protection they had placed the citadel. After solemnly perambulating the village, performing various ceremonies, and making a great noise, they sternly reproved the god for his inaction, and decided that no offerings should be presented to him for a certain period. If by that time the French invaders have not disappeared, the deity is to be dethroned and another god set up in his stead, the bonzes being charged meanwhile to find out a more propitious divinity.



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GLYKALINE effectively relieves
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For Curing and instantly relieving Toothache, Neu-
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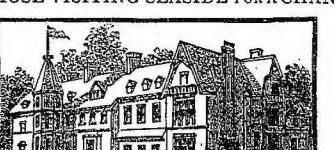
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